THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCVIII.—No. 1273

MAY 9, 1928

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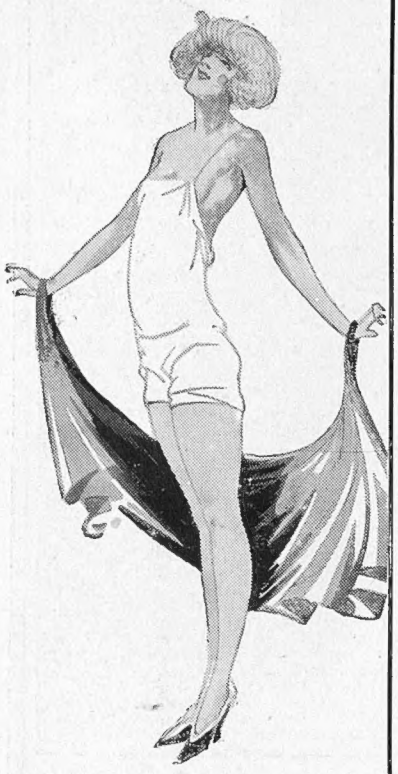

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The Bystander, May 9, 1928 No. 1273 Vol. XCVIII

The BYSTANDER

BY W. S. HUTTON

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WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Court and the Season

EXCEPT for the shadow cast by the sad death of Viscount Trematon the King and Queen have had a pleasant, restful time at Windsor before undertaking the many duties of the Season. Princess Victoria, who lives at Iver, not far away, has been a frequent visitor, and each night there have been small dinner-parties of " dine and sleep " guests and of Their Majesties' neighbours.

Now the heaviest time of the Royal year begins, and until Goodwood rings down the curtain the King and Queen have a long list of public engagements, only broken by Whitsuntide and Ascot.

The Prince and Flying

SAVE for commercial travellers, I suppose the Prince of Wales is the most peripatetic person in the country, his duties and his interests leading him from one end of the country to the other, and sometimes with very brief intervals in between. His decision to use an aeroplane is therefore not surprising, since, given the weather, not only is the fatigue of a long railway journey or motor run avoided, but many hours in the month will be added to his time-table.

Some of the lieges look upon the decision with a certain amount of apprehension. But so they did when King Edward first used a motor car; and lieges before them saw the beginning of the end of all things the first time Queen Victoria travelled by railway.

The Prince has flown on several occasions, but not, I believe, publicly, so to speak. I expect we shall find that his decision to add an aeroplane to the other means of progress at his disposal will give a tremendous fillip to private flying.

LADY (CHARLES) MARKHAM *Hay Wrightson*

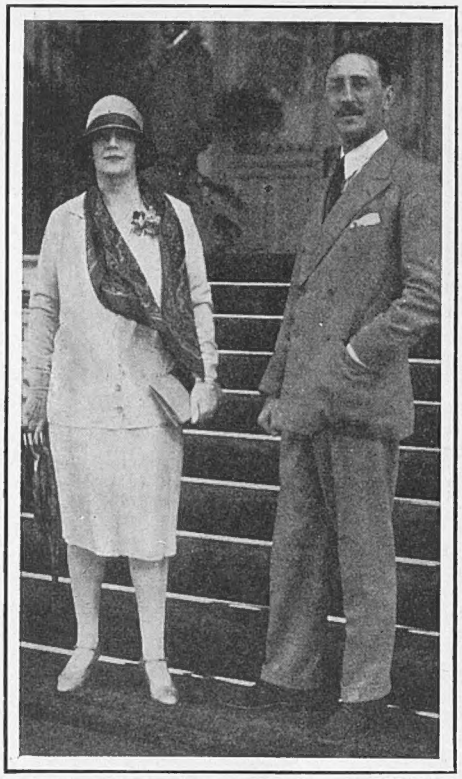
Whose engagement to Lord Delamere has been announced. Lord Delamere, who is the third Baron, has made his home in Kenya Colony

A RECENT ENGAGEMENT *Lafayette*

Miss Carol Farquhar, the younger daughter of Mr. Charles Farquhar, Indian Police (retired), and Mrs. Farquhar, of Aboyne, who is engaged to Mr. Jack Hadden. Her fiancé has been seconded to the Royal Air Force from the Black Watch

A Coming-of-Age

AN important coming-of-age took place last week when the Marquess of Graham, the Duke of Montrose's elder son and heir, attained his majority. The Duke, I believe, is the only wearer of the strawberry leaves who holds a Master's Certificate in the Merchant Service, which he got when he was twenty-one. He once



LADY BEAUCHAMP AND MR. LUSMOOR

THE DUCHESS OF OPORTO

UNDER THE EGYPTIAN SUN

A collection of photographs from Cairo and Luxor, where large numbers of English visitors have been making certain of the sunshine before returning to our Spring

navigated Lord Brassey's famous steam yacht *Sunbeam* from Australia to this country. During the Boer War he served with the Black Watch and was one of the two ducal heirs who fought on the veldt with their fathers, the other being the Earl of March, now Duke of Richmond. Later on he commanded the Clyde Division of the R.N.V.R., and after the War was the first officer of that branch to receive the rank of Commander. In addition to his other activities, the Duke is a practical engineer and a director of Beardmore's.

Twenty-two years ago the Duke, then Marquess of Graham, married the only child and heiress of the late Duke of Hamilton. From her father she inherited the Isle of Arran with Brodick Castle, where the family spend much of their time. She is a granddaughter of the "Double Duchess" of Manchester and Devonshire—a somewhat unusual circumstance, grandmother, mother and daughter, all three being duchesses.

Even as a girl, when Lady Mary Hamilton, the Duchess of Montrose preferred the country to the town, and is never quite so happy as when at Brodick. She is one of the best women shots in the country.

LADY LISBURNE AND HER SISTER, MRS. PHILLIPE

A Double Peerage

VISCOUNT HOOD, whose engagement to his cousin, Miss Marguerite Hood, has just been announced, is in the unusual position of having inherited a viscounty in the male line and a barony in the female line, and both of the same name. The first viscount—the present holder of the title is the fifth—was Samuel Hood, the famous Admiral, who, in reward for his many victories against the French, was created Baron Hood by George III, and, fourteen years later, Viscount Hood.

A year before the viscounty was conferred upon him his wife was created Baroness of Hood in her own right, and as the viscounty has gone in the direct line each succeeding Viscount Hood has also been a baron.

Lord Hood's first wife, who died nine years ago, was a relation of Viscount Combermere. Her elder brother, Admiral Stapleton-Cotton, is heir to that peerage. The father of the future Lady Hood was the late Hon. Albert Hood.

A Romance of the Stage

THE destruction by fire of Lynford Hall, near Thetford, will recall to some of the older generation the memory of Mrs. Lyne Stephens, who lived there for many years and entertained all the interesting personalities of her time, and more particularly those in the world of music.

Mrs. Lyne Stephens's history was one of the romances of the stage. She was a Frenchwoman, Pauline Duvernay by name, and a dancer of such charm and grace that she became the rival of the great Taglioni. She made her *début* at Drury Lane whilst William IV was still on the throne, and for twelve years literally led fashionable London captive. In these times it is difficult to understand the excitement and enthusiasm aroused by what the programmes now call a *première danseuse*. But the smart London of her day raved over the Duvernay, as she was always called, and when she married Mr. Lyne Stephens, a very rich banker, and retired from the stage the lamentations were so loud that to our modern ideas they appear ludicrous.

The dancer carried all her charm on the stage into private life, and for fifty years was a notable hostess, not only at Lynford, but also in Florence and in London, an

Photographs *British Illus.*

THE HON. ALINE PARTINGTON

achievement which has had several parallels in our time, but which was almost unprecedented in the Early and Mid-Victorian eras, when dancers were thought of lesser account than actresses, and actresses were thought of no account at all.

The Caledonian Ball

ONE of the most important events, and certainly the most picturesque ball, of the season is the Caledonian Ball, which is held every year on behalf of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian School, under the presidency of the Duke and Duchess of Atholl. Every year some great Scottish lady makes herself responsible for the set reels. This year they are being arranged by Mrs. Alastair MacGregor, of Ardney. The ball will take place at the Hotel Cecil on Monday, June 11. As you know, men cannot be admitted in evening dress. They must wear full-dress uniform, and mess dress if full dress is not available, Highland dress, Court dress, or hunting dress, or, failing these, coloured facings on evening dress coats. The tickets are 30s. each, including supper, and may be obtained from Lady Margaret MacRae, of Feoirlinn, Colintraive, Argyllshire, the Hotel Cecil, and Captain Frank E. Stanley, 199, Piccadilly, W.1.

O'Brien

A FAMILY PARTY ON THE COURSE

Lady Dorothy Macmillan, the Duke of Devonshire's third daughter, with her children at the Lismore Point-to-Point races. The meeting was held on the ground of Lismore Castle, the Duke of Devonshire's Irish seat

AT THE ALASSIO LAWN TENNIS CLUB

A group at the club, where the Australian Davis Cup Team has been practising. G. L. Patterson (capt.) Mrs. Patterson, J. Crawford, Miss Hanbury J. Hawkes, Mrs. D. Hanbury and Miss M. J. Birbeck. In front: H. M. Longden, R. Harbidge, and H. Hopman

Still Something Left

ALL the amateurs and connoisseurs of old furniture and other antiques will be flocking to the Grafton Galleries to see the Exhibition of Art Treasures which is being held there until the 26th of this month under the auspices of the British Antique Dealers' Association.

Myself, seeing the steady stream of antiques which has been flowing for years from this country to America and elsewhere abroad, I was surprised to see that we had still so many treasures left in private hands. No exhibition has ever approached the variety, or, one must add, the aggregate value, of the treasures now at the Grafton Galleries.

Every collector will find his own especial affection represented. There is furniture of all periods, English and foreign silver, arms and armour, clocks and watches, tapestries, illuminated manuscripts, pictures representing the principal schools from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries, prints, coins and medals, pottery, glass, and porcelain. Many of these treasures come from private houses, and have never been exhibited before. The exhibition is a positive Pandora's box for the antiquity lover.

Naturally it is attracting a large number of foreign connoisseurs, notably Americans. But as the object of the exhibition is to stimulate English interest in the collection of antiques

Photographs *Alfieri*

THE POLO VIEW OF LIFE

Two photographs from the Polo World, whose days are now in full swing. On the left are seen Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Walter Sale at Ranelagh, and on the right Mr. and Mrs. Tomkinson at Worcester Park

in order that more of our treasures may not depart overseas, one hopes fervently that this object may be fulfilled, at any rate so far as the beautiful and interesting things now at the Grafton Galleries are concerned.

Lowly But Interested

THE spectacle of several hundred people sitting on the floor of the magnificent great hall at the British Medical House in Tavistock Square must be unprecedented, I should imagine, in such a medical holy of holies. But the Association had lent the hall and the building

Quick Pictures

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Capt. Edward Robert Luxmoore Peak, M.C., of the Royal Engineers, and his bride, Miss Audrey Danvers Rutherford Hyde Turner leaving the church. They were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

for the ball in aid of the Royal Free Hospital, and when about midnight there was a cabaret of stars, headed by Mr. Jack Hulbert and Miss Cicely Courtneidge, the dancers sat them down on the floor to let those behind have a view. So many people were there that the Royal Free Hospital must have received a helpful addition to the fund it is seeking to raise to extend its existing accommodation as a maternity centre. By the way, this hospital is one of the few left in which women are trained to be doctors.

The Newest Newly Rich

THIS I heard with my own ears. As I passed the door of a well-known restaurant three men came out. One was portly of mien and so overdressed that his clothes leapt to the eye.

AFTER THE WEDDING *Vandyk*

Mr. T. R. Pearson, only son of Sir Louis and Lady Pearson, and Miss Norah Roy younger daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Roy, who were married at Hale Church, Surrey. The group shows the bride and bridegroom, the best man, Mr. R. B. Knowles, and the bride's attendants, Master James D'Arcy Clark and the Misses D. Roy, B. Palmer, Donna D'Arcy Clark, Diana Norrie, and Bunny Sutton

"Let's take this old thing," he said, waving to a waiting motor, the only one that was there. The accent explained the clothes.

A too well turned out chauffeur leapt from his seat and opened the door. The three got in and drove off. "This old thing" was a Rolls-Royce.

I pursued my way reflecting on the humility of the newest newly rich. Or do I mean another word for "humility"?

AT THE RECEPTION *Bassano*

Mr. Derrick Morley and his bride, Miss Lesley Campbell, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Campbell, of Holmer Court, High Wycombe, photographed at their wedding reception at 9, Cadogan Square. They were married at Brompton Oratory

To Be Noted

THE Earl and Countess of Ancaster are lending Eresby House for a ball in aid of the Friends of the Poor on May 15, which is being organised by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke and Lady Kinloch. This, I am told, will be more like a private ball than a charity entertainment. The tickets, which cost but two guineas each, include a champagne supper, and all those who wish to help a good cause and enjoy themselves into the bargain can obtain them from the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1.

The Courts

IN next week's number of THE BYSTANDER will appear a double-page illustration in full colour by Mr. Baliol Salmon of the scene during one of the Royal Courts. Other features will include photographs of some of the *débutantes* of the season and a special article on the Courts by Mr. Frank Hird. In addition to these special illustrations and article, next week's BYSTANDER will contain all the usual features, including news and pictures of Society, Theatrical, and Sporting events.

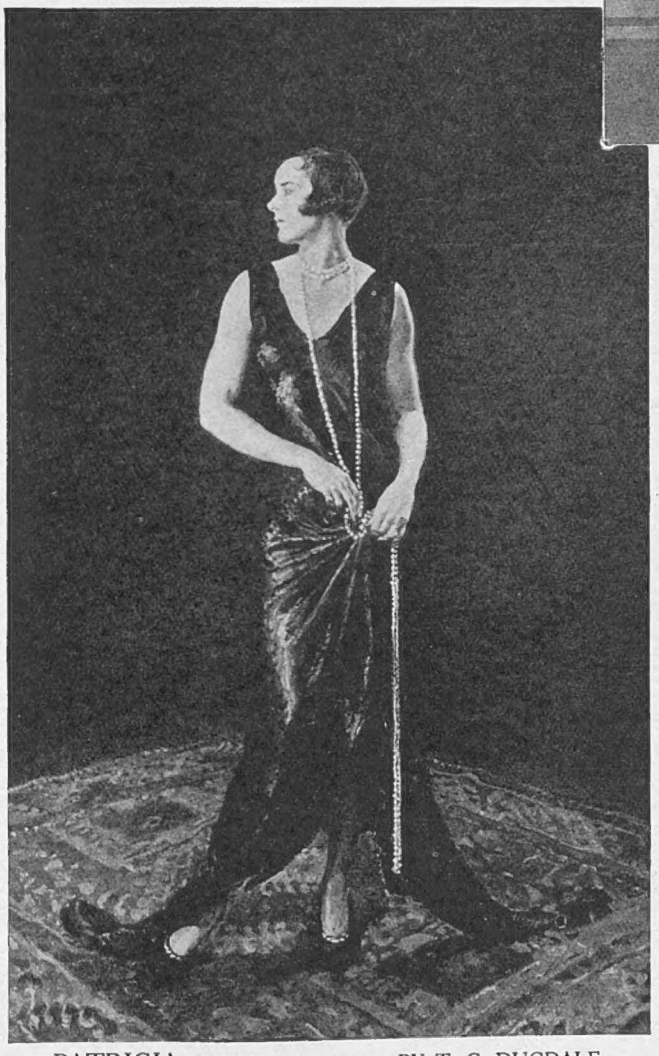
The ROYAL ACADEMY

A visit to this year's Academy leaves the impression that, if there is no picture of arresting merit, the high level of general achievement which has been increasingly noticeable in the last few years is maintained. Once again the exhibition is a case of *ni tambours, ni trompettes*. But from the point of view of art it is a happier sign than splashes of genius in a world of mediocrity, the mediocrity, perhaps, giving outstanding pictures an undeserved prominence by contrast.

In one direction, however, the Academy is more catholic than I ever remember in any other year. All our various schools of painting are represented. The more extreme are placed practically together in one gallery.

It is emphatically a year of portraits, with honours easy between men and women. Sir William Orpen's portrait of Dame Madge Kendal, which was presented to her the other day, is particularly happy in its combination of colouring—russet and blue of the cloak and its lining, pink, and the familiar black bonnet.

CELESTINA DEL PINS, OF TRINIDAD
BY GERALD F. KELLY, A.R.A.



PATRICIA BY T. C. DUGDALE

Another portrait that will attract much attention is "Patricia," by Mr. T. C. Dugdale, which occupies the important place in the corner of the third gallery. The effect of the slim, graceful figure swathed in black, holding a long string of pearls, standing with half-averted head, is both pleasing and intriguing. Mr. Louis Ginnett's "Mrs. J. C. C. Pigott," I expect, will have many admirers—a pretty woman wrapped in a blue shawl embroidered in red. Artists especially will descant on Mr. Gerald F. Kelly's masterly study of the varying tones of black in satin and lace in his portrait of Celestina del Pins, of Trinidad.

Amongst the portraits are those of Mr. and Mrs. William Harrison, by Sir Frank Dicksee, and one of the finest examples of Sir John Lavery's work, the Cardinal-Archbishop of New York. I must mention, too, Mr. Cyril Roberts's portrait of Viscount Bury's elder daughter, the Hon. Cecilia Keppel, a vision of radiant youth; and Mr. F. M. Bennett's "Barbara," a charmingly serious figure in academic cap and gown.

Mrs. Laura Knight, the new woman Associate, has a brilliant study of Whimsical Walker in his clown's motley.

One thing is particularly noticeable about this year's exhibition. The majority of the pictures are of moderate dimensions—a sign of the times when millionaires live in service flats with little wall space. Frank Hird.

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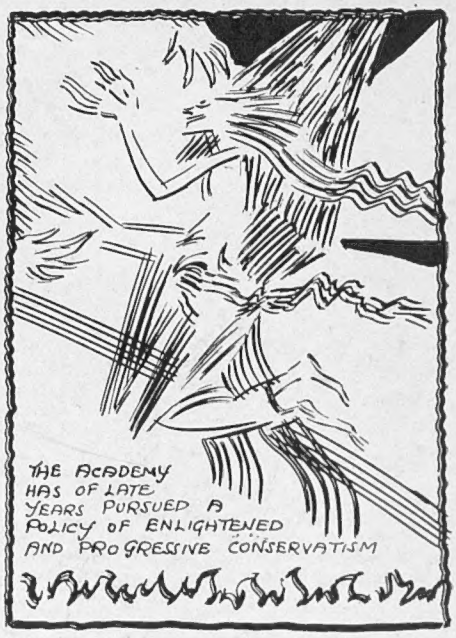
Further photographs of pictures in the Royal Academy are on pages 271, 272 and 273.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Academic

THE Royal Academy, whatever we may think of its effect upon Art, deserves support as an English institution—an institution as honourably solid as breakfast marmalade, saddle-bag club chairs, the silk hat, and the House of Lords. For one little hour it gives us the opportunity of gazing at canvas in the bulk with an expression of almost superhuman intelligence and murmuring that, though we know very little about Art, we know what we *don't* like.

The Seats of the Scornful

I HAVE, of course, a young artist friend—we all have young artist friends—who sits in the seats of the scornful and rails somewhat incontinently at the Academy. "Pshaw!" he says. (He doesn't really say "Pshaw!" which is a word physically incapable of being said, but he makes disapproving noises.) "Royal Academy!" he snorts. "Chocolate box! Acres of Aldermen! The Christmas Robin! Little Cyril's Shetland Pony! Seven Daughters of Augustus Buggins, Esq.! Still Life, or Slice of Salmon on Plate! Pah! Pish!" (Or words which may be graphically represented as "Pah!" or "Pish!"

Not So Chocolate Box

THE fact is that my young friend, like so many modern iconoclasts, is rather pathetically old-fashioned and out of date. Such criticism, which might have sounded well in the 'eighties, has very little meaning to-day. The Academy, while remaining conventional in a good sense, has of late years pursued a policy of enlightened and progressive conservatism, which (said he, more dogmatically than was his wont) is probably the best policy in Art or in anything else.

"If You Have the Goods . . ."

"BUT," rails my young artist, "must we always stick to old forms and moth-eaten conventions?" By no means, Lancelot. But the old conventions at least demanded that a man could use a pencil or brush. Personally, I'd rather see a slice of salmon that looked a salmon than three quadrilateral sploshes that might be supposed to represent (*a*) Dawn in Devon, (*b*) the Battle of Jutland, or (*c*) Psyche Surprised at the Bathing Pool. If you have any goods to deliver, you can deliver them more intelligently with a camel's-hair brush than (as one of your Dadaists was wont to do) with a donkey's tail.

New Forms

DON'T talk to me, young sir, about the quest for beauty in new forms. Hexagonal snowdrops and Venuses without noses are not new forms of beauty. Remember what Chesterton said about free verse. "Free verse," he said, "is no more a new form of poetry than sleeping in a ditch is a new form of architecture." So that will do for you, Lancelot. Close the door quietly as you go out.

The Man Who Broke the Bank . . .

I HAVE just heard of a gentleman in Paris who claims to have invented an infallible bank-breaking system for roulette. It has, he says, never failed yet. Such a pronouncement accords well with the spirit of youth and optimism which should imbue us during the Merrie Month of May, but if there is one thing certain in an uncertain world it is the certainty that no system will genuinely

beat the bank at Monte Carlo. No system yet invented has ever managed to avoid defeat in the long run, and " the limit routs most systems at an early stage of their career. Arnold Lunn's fascinating essay, " The Lure of Roulette," proves this to the satisfaction of at least one reader.

Shall We Have a Summer ?

IT is said that a good sportsman will bet on anything, from the Derby to a race between raindrops on a window-pane. I wonder what odds an enterprising bookmaker would give us against our having any summer this year? The summer of 1927 was one of the worst winters of human experience, and optimists will, no doubt, tell us with pathetic cheerfulness that we can't have another summer so deplorable immediately afterwards. But the optimists, poor dears, are not necessarily right.

Mathematics and Umbrellas

ANY mathematician—and mathematicians are an unscrupulously honest race—will tell you that the chances that a penny will come down heads are not any greater when it happens to have come down tails a million times or so. Most people believe that in these circumstances the odds are all on the penny's starting to come down heads, but this is not so. (English Test captains, please note.) Similarly with the capricious deities which govern the weather, we might hope to expect a winner after a run of wrong 'uns, but this again, mathematically speaking, is a vain hope. The only satisfactory spirit in which to tackle English weather is the glorious and indomitable pessimism of Old Bill, who held, you will remember, that the first seven years would be the worst. A man who feels like that deserves a few hours' sunshine, and I'm sure he'll get them.

By David Wilson

WINSTON IN HIS "PETROL"E—THE ALCHEMIST!—"GOLD" OUT OF "TINS"!

Championship Points

ALTHOUGH the county cricket season has begun again under the old system of counting points, strenuous efforts are being made to secure reforms for next year. A points system is like a Budget. It cannot please everybody. If it avoids mortally offending the great majority it may be deemed a fairly good system (or Budget). The inequality of the county programmes is the cause of much dissatisfaction. " Yorkshire," says Middlesex, " plays about ten more matches than we do, and makes up its points by defeating rabbits." " Nonsense," retorts Yorkshire ; " the wear and tear of a heavier programme more than discounts any advantage we might gain from that. Besides, rabbits have been known to upset championships before to-day." As a matter of fact, what needs reform is the weather. Given decent weather, almost any system would work.

Kissing and Iodine

I AM rather awed by the suggestion in the Press that lips should be painted with iodine before kissing. Lips (I am told) have been painted before to-day, but not with iodine. The idea seems to be that kissing is rather a dangerous pastime. Of course it is. So are all delightful things, from flying the Atlantic to smoking very good tobacco. There is no pleasure of the human race which moralists have not condemned as wicked and doctors as dangerous. I cannot think of anything I like which is not deleterious, unless it is reading in bed. And that, I suppose, is an idle habit, bad for the eyesight, and dangerous if you leave the candle burning. Still, I hope to read there till I am a hundred!

Heralding the London Season

A LIGHTER and brighter *Graphic* will arrive with the London Season Number of that well-known periodical appearing at the end of this week. Among the many distinctive features of this number are a profuse display in colour of Royal Academy pictures; a witty article by Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley on London Seasons, past and present; the beginning of a new fictional series on " Modern Love " by William Gerhardi, the famous author of " Jazz and Jasper," and " The Polyglots "; and exceptional photographic record of the first Courts this week.

By "The Tout"

A TRIO FROM THE TURF

Mr. A. S. Manning has "held office" at all the big meetings for many years past. J. H. Crawford trains for Sir Victor Sassoon, and is reported to be making a special bid with Hot Night for the "Jubilee" next Saturday. Captain Charlie Elsey, one of the prominent Northern trainers, came into the public eye lately, and nearly carried off the "City and Sub." with The Mohawk

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

Ante-post Betting

Lord Derby and Frank Butters are to be sympathised with in the misfortune which kept Fairway out of the field for the Two Thousand. Fortunately, this was a race on which there was no ante-post betting, so the public did not lose by the absence of the Stanley House crack. There seems to be a growing disinclination on the part of the course bookmakers to lay prices on a big race at any time preceding the date of running. Last week, for example, a friend of mine went all down the rails on Tuesday trying to get a "pony" each way about a certain horse in the Guineas, only to find that not a single bookie would make him an offer of any sort. Incidentally, the colt in question did not get into the first three. In view of this lack of enterprise, is it not futile for the ring to complain of the decline of ante-post betting? I suppose they must be given the credit for knowing their own business, but I cannot perceive how they expect to make money if they persistently refuse to launch out on future events.

Fairway and the Derby

Now, the question is: How does Fairway stand in regard to the Derby? The trouble which kept him out of the field last week is only a temporary one, and I hope that by the time these Notes reach the reader all traces of the glandular mischief will have disappeared. It is satisfactory to know that he is engaged in the Newmarket Stakes next week, so we are likely to see him well tested for stamina before Epsom. I am still convinced that Fairway, fit and well, will take a good deal of beating in the Derby. The trial which he won against Sans Changer and others was something out of the ordinary, and made the Two Thousand look to be something like a good thing for him. No wonder that Frank Butters was reduced to a state of despair when it became impossible to run him in that race.

The Guineas Winner

What are the prospects of Flamingo repeating his Newmarket triumph at Epsom? There are several notable points in his favour. In the first place, he is one of the gamest of the game. As Elliott has said, the colt is always pulling out a bit extra in his races. These are the sort of horses whom it is profitable to follow. Again, the make and shape of Flamingo seem eminently adapted to the peculiarities of the Epsom course. Some of the critics say he is too small, but they said the same thing about Manna and Call Boy. Royal Minstrel has all the size of which these critics appear to think so much, but I do not believe he will come round the Epsom turns with the agility which I expect Flamingo to display. The exhibition given by Buland in the Guineas was disappointing, but it was only in accord with the form shown by most of the Whatcombe horses so far. It struck me that this colt was on the backward side, and he should be seen to greater advantage in the Derby.

Chester Cup

There promises to be a big turnout for the Chester Cup on Wednesday. The Duke of Westminster would be delighted to see his colours carried to the front at his home meeting. Last year he was second for the Cup with Bamboula, and, having demonstrated his suitability for the course in this way, we have to regard his prospects with considerable respect this time. The Manton stable is taking some time to get properly into its stride this season, but I understand those associated with it are hopeful of having a turn at Chester. Its runners for the Cup will probably be Blackness and Gioconda. Of this pair I have greater faith in the latter. Other competitors who must be taken into careful consideration on Wednesday are Ballyvoy, who ran so well in the Queen's Prize, and Feng, who, in spite of his penalty, still seems to be well handicapped. I shall, however, look for the success of **Bamboula**, and I take **Gioconda** as my second string.

The Jubilee

Always one of the best races of the year, the Kempton Jubilee on Saturday looks to be fully up to its usual interest. Hot Night has been specially trained for it, though his owner and trainer will be deeply disappointed if they cannot secure the services of Joe Childs to ride him. A new aspect has been given to the race by the improvement which Pharamond evinced in the Guineas. Now, this colt is in the Jubilee with only 6st. 12lb., which means that he will be receiving considerably more than the weight-for-age allowance from Hot Night. At the time of writing no definite announcement had been made as to the plans of the Stanley House stable with regard to Pharamond, owing to the cloud hanging over Fairway. There seems to be no good reason why Pharamond should not run for the Jubilee and for the Derby as well. Assuming that he will be in the field on Saturday, I make him my choice for the handicap, and if he is absent I shall expect Hot Night to prevail.

The Racehorse and Some of His Friends

Photos

THE EARL OF WESTMORLAND AND THE EARL OF LONDESBOROUGH

Brit. Illus.

LADY ALWYNE COMPTON-VYNER AND LADY DORIS VYNER

Alfieri

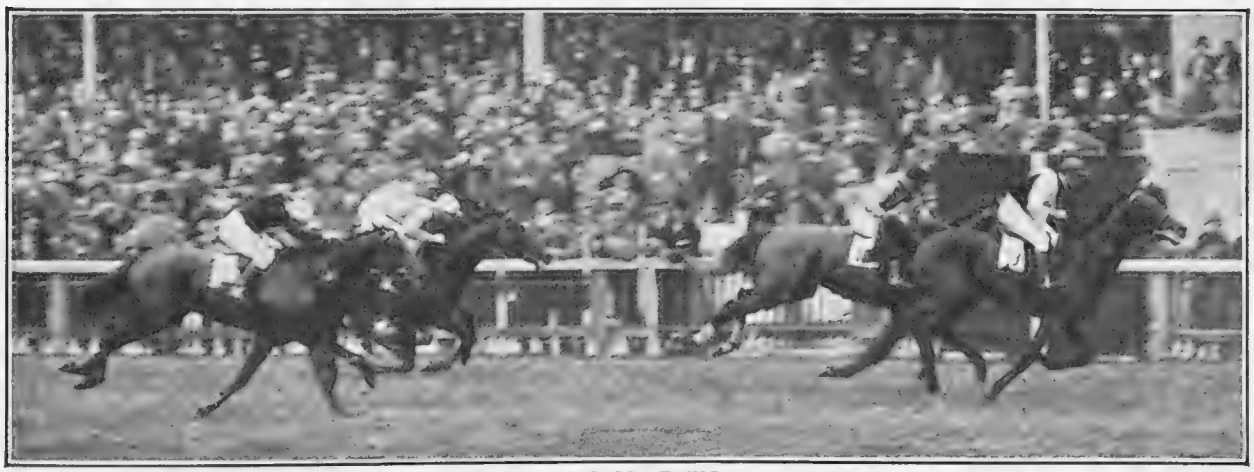
VISCOUNTESS HARDINGE AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY PENRHYN

LOOKING 'EM OVER

Some of the well-known racing folk who attended the recent Bloodstock Sales at Newmarket

Brit. Illus.

MRS. BELL AND SIR HUGO CUNLIFFE-OWEN



A CLOSE THING

Central Press

Flamingo (Elliott up) beating Royal Minstrel by a head to win the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket. Sir Laurence Philipps who owns the winner, is a comparative newcomer to the Turf

Greek Meeting Greek

By PENDARVES

When a Greek comes into contact with a Greek the popular tradition is that the depths of vituperative bargaining are plumbed. When two masters of the game of golf like Walter Hagen and Archie Compston come against one another for a match over 72 holes, the loss of which is going to be a considerable financial loss for one of them, apart from prestige, and the publicity that follows, and remains, the limits of golf wizardry may be expected to be reached. They were.

There was much more in it than a mere betting match—it is said that there was a quarter of a million of money on this contest in England and America—for it was a test of skill for an unofficial world's championship: the two countries, who are terribly jealous of each other's golf prowess, meeting in the Moor Park arena, with the Englishman as the challenger. For the crowd of golf enthusiasts, plus fours and minus twenty-fours, numbering well over 5,000 on the first day and nearly double that number on the second, it was an education.

An education not only in how to hit the golf ball off the tee and through the green, but how to lob it out of bunkers so that it lies almost dead, and how to putt from twenty feet away so that it goes in " plop " for a birdie. And more even than that was there in this great contest of the giants. My outstanding impression, I watched every hole played, was the *infinite care* that was taken by both of them. The sort of care, I mean, that you and I seldom take. Those short running-up approaches that look dead easy, and are, occupied perhaps three full minutes of Hagen's concentrated thought before he adventured upon the use of this, that, or the other club. And Compston, with a straightforward putt of, say, a yard and a half, when he had two for it, would study the matter from all angles as if eternal salvation depended on the stroke. But this, after all is said and done, is the way to play: and this is largely why these men play as they do. They have an infinite capacity for taking pains. The majority of us have not: hence we are —as we are.

The oddest thing about these masters of the most difficult game in the world is that the only shot they seem comparatively unconcerned and careless about is the drive. Most of us find this the extreme of difficulty: they appear definitely bored with it. They *know* the ball will go 250 yards up the middle—it is the second shot they worry about. So on the tee they just, so to speak, let fly—and away she goes.

But all sorts of impressions crowd upon you while you are an absorbed spectator of these big games. One is the fiendish equanimity of mind of a man like Hagen, who finds himself ten holes down to his adversary, with thousands of people crowding round him watching every puff of his cigarette. You look for a quiver of some sort on the features of the man. There is none—at least, not outwardly. And when they each miss our sort of putts—the two-footers —as they both of them did more than once, you would have expected a disgusted gesture of some sort, a grunt of dismay. Not a word: not a movement of a muscle. And then reflect how *we* behave on similar occasions.

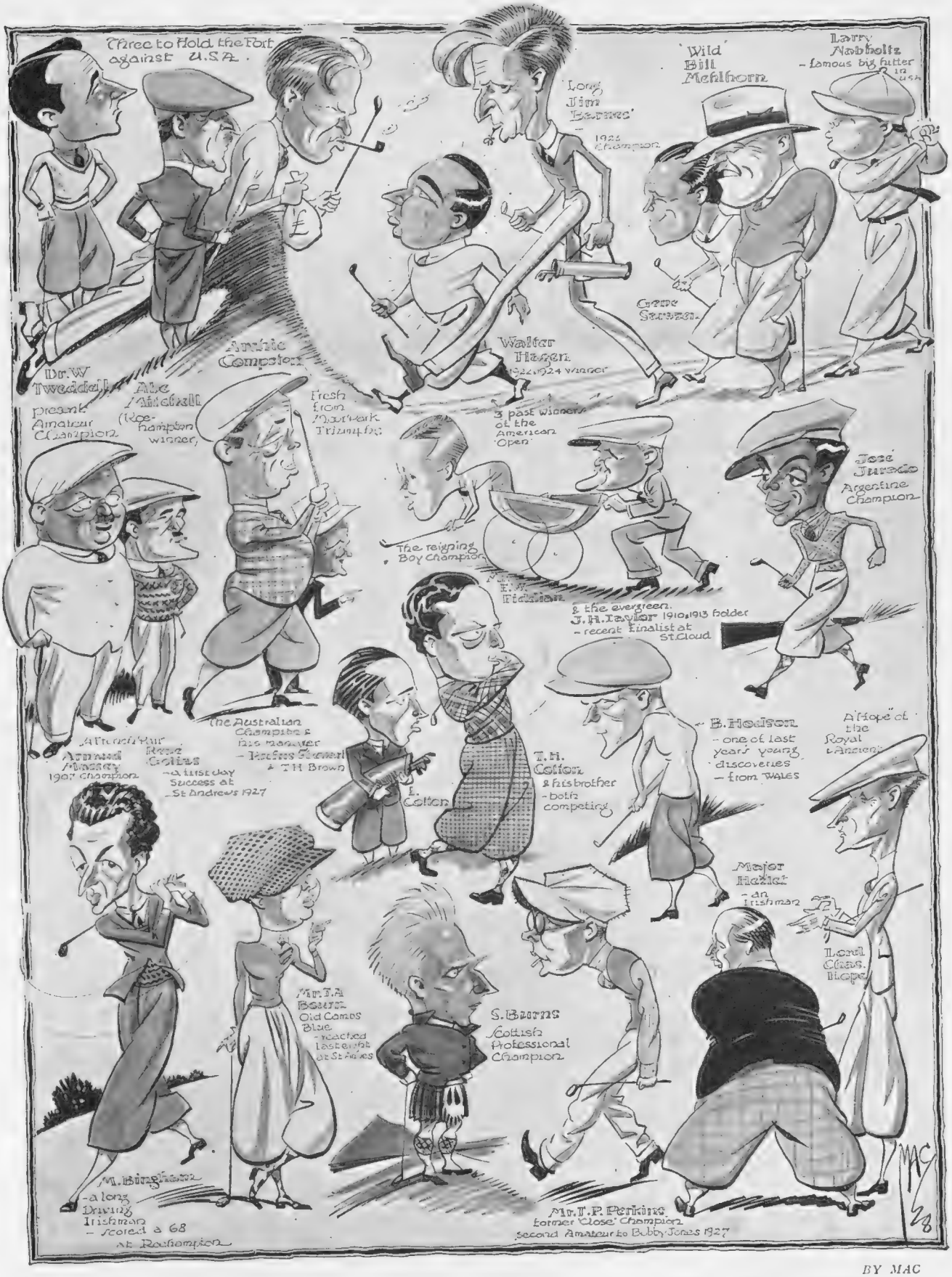
Another vivid reality came home to me while watching Walter Hagen closely the other day and while talking to him between the scenes of the long-drawn-out drama: I had not had speech with him since that terribly dramatic last hole at Hoylake in the Open Championship in 1924—and then everyone was almost past speech. But I saw this time most convincingly and finally why it is that this bland American is so terrible a match opponent: why he has rattled so many men off their best games. It is owing to two superb qualities with which he seems endowed. Firstly, his complete poise, and, secondly, his unexpectedness.

On that first day at Moor Park, for example, Archie Compston, at any rate during the first round, was playing absolutely inhuman golf. He went round in 67 and 66, you may remember, on the first day: par for the course being 70—the finest two consecutive rounds that had ever been played there. The holes began to go like this:—1, Compston; 2, halved; 3, Compston; 4, halved; 5, Compston; 6, Compston; 7, halved; 8, halved; 9, Compston; 10, Compston; 11, halved; 12, halved. And it was not until the 13th hole (in 72 holes) that Hagen won a single one! And yet on the 14th tee it was he who was chuckling merrily at some whispered joke of his caddie—while Compston's face was all taut with anxiety, although he was then leading by the comfortable margin of 5 up. And suddenly Hagen will do something equally good —better: and a hole has slipped away—and another. You have never got him, though everything may be running divinely your way. Well, everything went Compston's way this time: and to beat America's best professional by the staggering margin of 18 up and 17 to play should send our Archie Compston to the Open Championship with his tail pointing skyward—and Hagen to the same rendezvous most probably " feelin' rather bl-ue," to say the least of it.

Photopress

THE VICTOR'S HANDSHAKE

Archie Compston photographed shaking hands with Walter Hagen after their £750 match at Moor Park. Compston won, playing super golf, by the colossal margin of 18 holes up and 17 to play

The Boys of the "Open" Brigade

BY MAC

Our artist's impression of some of the numerous stars from the golfing constellation who are fighting out the issue of the Open Championship. The Royal St. George's Links, over which the Championship proper will be decided, was the venue of the Open Championship six years ago, when Walter Hagen was the victor

VARSITY NOTES

By Jock

L. G. IRVINE

Who is one of the principal factors in the Cambridge attack. He is a slow bowler of no mean worth

CAMBRIDGE

At the present moment Cambridge is seriously agitated by one important question: Will Duleepsinhji be recovered in time to play in the Varsity match? We all remember—do we not?—his sensational exploits at the beginning of last season, and the widespread mourning when he was taken ill and was compelled to leave the greensward for the nursing home, to exchange Dan Hayward and Len Braund for doctors and nurses, and to beat his cricket bats into medicine bottles. However, "Duleep" wisely put Cambridge behind him for a bit, and wintered in Switzerland; and he is now back again, with at least an even chance, they tell me, of being able to play in the Varsity match.

That is why Cambridge is agitated about the question. It has become the stock conversation at tea-tables in all except the most æsthetic circles. Even the aged dons of Downing allow themselves a little sporting diversion pondering the matter. The bedder, no doubt, repeats the question to the gyp of her choice, and it is quite impossible to have one's hair cut in Cambridge without the same piece of conversation. "Now do you think, sir . . . just a leetle bit more to the side . . . that Duleepsinhji . . .?"

I saw "Duleep" up at the nets at the beginning of term, and there was a small crowd gathered to watch him hitting about in his old characteristic manner. Then he had decided to start very gently, and Seabrook was proposing not to let him play in first-class cricket for at least a month. If he is well enough to play at Lord's he will undoubtedly make a great difference to the side. It is going to be a fine batting side, anyway, everybody agrees about that; but Duleepsinhji would give the side a sparkle of brilliance that ought to brighten up the Varsity match.

Last night Lord Birkenhead spoke at the Union. I find it hard to say more, for it is still before the event as I take up my typewriter to tap you these few words, and last night hasn't yet happened. On printing night in Great New Street, while the Editor is staying up late to see that you get your Bystander, while the Sub-Editor is running round and round after misprints, and the Art Editor is collecting the last of the Best Work of the World's Best Artists, Lord Birkenhead will be addressing—no, I mean, was addressing—the debating fans at the Union. I find it difficult to say more. No doubt it will be—sorry, it was—a brilliant and delightful scene, Lord Birkenhead being attired in a simple three-piece suit of black vicuna, trimmed with black satin collar, set off with a neat white waistcoat and tie! Rab.

OXFORD

It warms every cockle of one's heart to read such words as Rab's in his article of last week. If he speaks with the voice of Cambridge, what more chivalrous conqueror could be imagined? The heroes of historical novels must look to their laurels. For Herr Feuchtwanger has created no knight so generous to the fallen as our Rab. As a sequel to "Jew Süss" we shall soon be having "Cambridge Rab."

Since I came up I have not seen one whose eyes had been left in a dry condition by Rab's words of encouragement to us. We feel at last we've got something to live up to. We know that somebody loves us.

We realise, however, that Rab expects us once and for all to pull up our socks. And consequently Messrs. Walters and Hall have done a pretty trade in suspenders during the last few days. Rab's exhortations not only find employment for the University; they also combat unemployment in the town. So, what with one thing and another, he'll soon find himself being given the freedom of the city.

And at the moment there is plenty to do with one's freedom in Oxford. For the sun is exceedingly kind, and the college gardens are giving us some indication of what they can do. And there is the river as well—or, rather, the various backwaters of it whose pet names are familiar to you from last year.

There has even been a cricket match to look at—the Seniors' Trial Match—and for those who fancy themselves there is nothing more entertaining than to spot future Blues. It is always possible that the odd spot may be right.

Now turn your attention to indoor sports and exercises, and realise that the President of the Union is Aubrey Herbert. Tell it not in Gath, but he comes from University. But tell it everywhere that he founded the English Club, for which I have many times taken off my hat to him. And the President of the O.U.D.S. is Peter Fleming. When I tell you that he is also a member of the Bullingdon you may not realise at first the full significance of this.

But take it from me that the combination is a sensational one—is, in fact, the sort of event usually associated with blue moons. So if the sky looks rather different to-night you will know the reason why. And next week you will know something about Oxford. For by then the term will have something to say for itself.

Jingo.

CRICKET AT OXFORD *Hills and Saunders*

A group taken during the recent Seniors' Match at Oxford. The sides were captained by C. E. Audry and E. Snell

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Seven Seductive Streets

By DELL LEIGH

Illustrations by WEBSTER MURRAY

No. VII—THE HEART OF THE WORLD

To most men, this one long street and its vortex at the end represent the symbol and kernel of "home"

OF all the glamorous streets in Europe that you know and I know, Piccadilly, with the Circus at its end, stands in the foreground of our minds as the heart of the world. Nobody ever stops to wonder why it is actually called "Piccadilly," any more than one bothers with the origin of the word "stymie," which that accursed man kept on laying for you at golf yesterday. It is just there, and one accepts the fact with the varying moods of our temperaments, grave and gay. In point of fact, many people have advanced reasons, none of them convincingly authentic, for the birth of this odd name in our London life. But I must mention two of the alleged reasons, because they are quite typical of the present-day street itself.

At the top end of the Haymarket in sixteen hundred and something there used to stand the "Piccadilla Hall," a tea shop and gaming house—a rather improper place. And the gallants of Charles II's time, when sauntering abroad in this neighbourhood (bent upon much the same ends, licit and otherwise, as the lads have in mind when they stroll thereabouts to-day) used to wear peccadilloes, or ruffs, round their throats, in direct contrast to the tight *crêpe de Chine* affairs which girdle men's necks now. And there was once a famous restaurant near St. James's Street called the "Peckadilly," the word "Peckadil" meaning the round hem or skirt of a garment; and this restaurant, if you please, denoted the utmost or skirt house of the suburbs of those days. Men reached it from the wild country that lay to the immediate west of it, and dropped from their spent horses gratefully at its cheery door. And there was once, of course, a famous tennis court and bowling green at the corner of Coventry Street, a very fashionable place. Some people say this was all one with the Piccadilla Hall, and that the name was changed afterwards to "Shaver's Hall," because Lord Dunbar lost £3,000 there at one sitting of a gamble, and people said laughingly that a northern lord had been "shaved" there. He doubtless felt that way about it too.

But who cares about all this now? Who ever thinks about such things? Who, moreover, can think of anything but the immediate matter of the moment while he is held unconsciously in Piccadilly's thrall? To most men, tied to duty in distant parts of the world, this one long street and its vortex at the end represent the symbol and kernel of "home." To all women who throng its pavements by day it is a sparkling adventure; its atmosphere grips them the moment they enter it. And who can define comprehensively Piccadilly's unique atmosphere? Nobody.

Looked at prosaically, it is a street wherein money is the prevailing note. If you have not money to spend in the pursuit of what you call "life" you eschew the purlieus of Piccadilly. Yet it is something even more than that, for it draws towards its fascinating length, from Hyde Park Corner to Leicester Square—for Coventry Street is a blood relation of Piccadilly's, whatever you may say contemptuously to the contrary—the people of all Britain and all the world the moment they get an opportunity to see it. Watch, for example, the faces of the groups of Cup Tie pilgrims on an April morning as they stroll, vapidly absorbed, from end to end of it and back again. They have been awake all last night, and will be awake most of to-night, but there is something in the seduction of this street at the weary hour of twelve noon which holds them acutely interested.

In what? In the clubs' exteriors at the lower end? They don't know one from another, or care. In the provocative shops in the upper half? Nothing would induce them to spend a shilling (a difficult thing to do, by the way) in any of them; the "stuff" is not their style. In reality it is that the London world is here—this is its throbbing heart; and they are in it. And when they go away to the grim industrial North again this street above all others remains with them in the memory vaguely as what London *means*. It is the same with the foreigner. When you meet him on his own territory he knows "Peekardeelee—ah, but yes!" To him also that is London—its alpha and omega—but he cannot tell you why, nor you him.

What is it to us Londoners? I, who have lived for

years in its neighbourhood, spent deliberately one whole day and half a night in it last week, watching its ebb and flow, its moods and mannerisms, its hectic rushes and its brief quiescent interludes, in order that I might catalogue it with certitude as having such and such a personality. I failed. I failed largely because I was so absorbed and amused and involved in the tremendous kaleidoscope of human movement that swung past my eyes from end to end of it that its day eluded me and was gone, and its beckoning, rather naughty night was upon me, with something very definite to be done in the way of dining in it before I had grasped its definition at all clearly.

I suppose that failure of mine was really a great compliment to it. I imagine that this is how everyone feels about it. In fact, I asked a very famous writer that same night to define it for me.

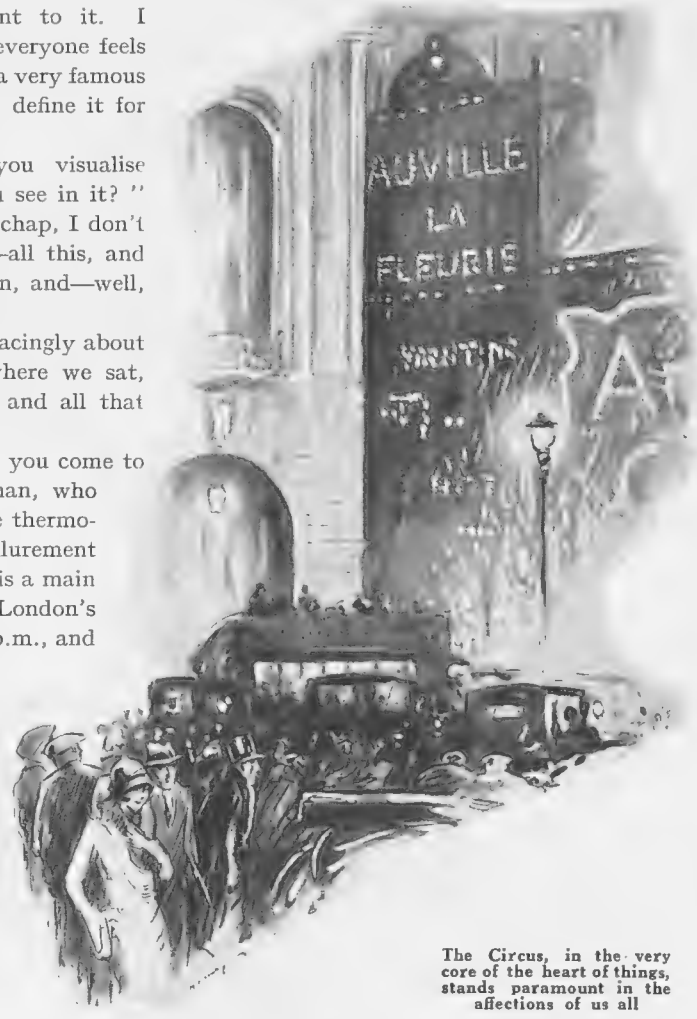
"Tell me, how do you visualise Piccadilly? What do you see in it?"

"Good lord! My dear chap, I don't know; impossible to say—all this, and more, and then more again, and—well, here it is."

He waved a spoon embracingly about the brilliant restaurant where we sat, indicating that Piccadilly and all that it implied lay here.

And he was right, when you come to think of it. Like a woman, who is at her best at night, the thermometer of Piccadilly's allurement rises as the sun sets. She is a main avenue of approach to London's night amusements after 7 p.m., and one of her exotic restaurants is the best place wherein to study her character. For the Piccadillians are all here, after the manner of their kind. It is in London, not in Paris or Berlin, that you will see the most scintillating restaurant scenes at night. The more so in Piccadilly now that these new immense rendezvous of the *bons viveurs* have risen so impressively and so rapidly. An outcast from overseas, set down suddenly from his taxi alongside the Green Park railings, would stare in bewilderment across the familiar road at the new white pile of buildings. He would have a choice of no fewer than twelve jazzily crowded places of the dinner and dance, most of them quite new to him, set in or immediately contiguous to this main stream of the night's seductions. They have each their own individual, irresistible attractions; and none of them ever appears quite the same two nights running.

In one the superb lighting arrangements will cause him to stare open-mouthed; in another there will be a band of portentious magnitude and overwhelming volume of fashionable discord at its continuous command; in a third he will be sitting almost literally cheek by jowl with the women whose tinted faces he has so far only seen in his month-old weekly illustrated; in a fourth he will shuffle his feet, in the middle of a perfectly cooked dinner, upon a parquet floor so thickly populated by Piccadillians that the term "to dance" becomes a mere figure of speech, meaning nothing. But in all of them the night will rush by as upon wings; until such time as the "other clubs" round the corner take him, and his, to their receptive and expensive bosoms—and a new night will evolve to him therein, so that he will lose all sense of time—and space . . .



The Circus, in the very core of the heart of things, stands paramount in the affections of us all

Be it at twelve noon, or midnight, early or late, rare fair weather or common foul, the Circus, in the very core of the heart of things, stands paramount in the affections of us all. When we are bottled up in its congestion on the way to the theatre we curse it. When seas divide us from it we would give almost anything we possess to be allowed to linger in it. Not because it is the great junction of London's road traffic, the entrance to some of its noblest and richest streets do we love it. But because at some moment in our lives we have passed through it on our way towards or returning from something unforgettably lovely. It is one of the strongest links in the chain of our most tender memories. There are no Englishmen or Englishwomen living who cannot, if they search their hearts, place Piccadilly Circus instantly as the centre-piece in the setting of some pleasing picture. And even if they are not *blasé* Londoners, but country folk of more simple tastes and habits, to whom the brazen glare of this whirlpool at night is an alien thing seldom seen, they, too, think of the wilderness of the world's greatest city in terms of Piccadilly Circus, and not much else. We all do, whoever we are, everywhere. So how can it be otherwise described than the heart of the world? If combated by a foreigner in this matter of so presumptuous a title to the junction of five streets, we merely smile and change the subject tactfully. For we are an unemotional race, not addicted unduly to futile argument. We just *know*—that's all. D. L.

THOUSANDS of Englishmen are trying to get into the United States. It is another proof that immigration is the sincerest form of flattery.

Notable Pictures from this Year's Royal Academy

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PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"The *vieux marcheur*"

Mes Amis,

My gifted friend Rosine, who is perpetually called on in her capacity of editress to dispense wise counsels to an endless sequence of importunates, has lately been asked by a naïve *lectrice* whether one should consider it a compliment or an insult to be "followed" in the street. Rosine, who was probably busily engaged at the time in preventing the political editor from encroaching on her space with his election matter, dismisses the query rather off-handedly, I feel, by saying that such an experience should be regarded as a "bore."

On the contrary, she should, I think, have written to this unusual correspondent requesting her photograph, which certainly merits publication with the caption, *La Femme Unique*, The Woman Who has been Followed in the Street. Lots of people have had their pictures displayed to newspaper readers for far less, whereas this *jeune personne*—she surely must be young—must be without a rival. The odds are 999 to one that she stands alone in the experience, certainly within the last four or five years. She must possess an astonishing personality. Sufficient to qualify her at once for stellar rank at Los Angeles, where they are for ever seeking someone who can express the idea of "lure" to the poor film "fan" self-stinted of romance.

"A *mari complaisant*"

For if there is one character who has vanished from Paris amid the changes of the *après-guerre*, it is that of the *suiveur*, the rake who engaged in what used to be vulgarly known in England as "picking-up," or "giving the glad eye." He has disappeared as thoroughly as the horse-cab. It would be interesting to know why. It is certainly not because the girls are less charming. I have heard it attributed to the fact that they show more of their charms—with the coming of silk stockings and short skirts—and have thus thrown away the attraction of mystery, which was everything to the *vieux marcheur* with his white spats and lemon-coloured gloves. Whatever the reason, the passing of the habit in Paris is complete, and it makes one wonder if there is still any giving of the "glad-eye" in the Strand on Saturday nights or in the provincial High Streets on Sundays.

There was a period, a couple of years or so ago, when this decay of mutual interest among promenaders of the boulevards was laid to the growth of cynicism and the loss of sentiment in the feminine camp. All our novelists were insisting that the Parisiennes of the new generation were cold-hearted, and showed much more interest in sparking plugs and serious tennis than in *affaires de cœur*. But there is a doubt as to whether such an explanation would hold good any longer. Maurice Rostand, son of the famous Edmond, who devotes much profound thought to this, thinks the wheel has revolved, and that there is a "lassitude" of cynicism.

"They show more of their charms"

In his latest play he deals rather boldly—for him—with the experiences of a sort of married *garçonne*, who has a *mari complaisant*, and has therefore been able to indulge in unlimited amorous adventures, possibly because her husband, an author, was more interested in her as material for his books than he was interested in her as a wife. Even among women like her, according to the observant M. Rostand, there is a returning desire for real sentiment, and when she encounters a young man, who might have served as a hero for De Musset, who loves her to the extent of being ready to commit suicide, she abandons everything for the "romance" of a life with him.

This is Maurice Rostand's way of saying that Parisiennes again want to be loved, after a spell

(Continued on page 276)

The Soul of the Dance

d'Ora

"As light as a feather" is strikingly illustrated in this picture of Paulette Messaros, who appears to be as lightly poised as the plumes with which she has surrounded herself. This dainty dancer is a native of Hungary and is well known in revue

(Continued from page 274)

in which they preferred to flutter, more or less dangerously, from one " experience " to another. And it happens that some of the critics are inclined to agree with him, which in itself is rather a novelty, because M. Maurice, largely because he is the son of a famous father and has not reached equal heights, usually sees the critics falling on him very heavily. If M. Rostand's conclusions are sound it means, incidentally, that Parisiennes have thrown off the spell cast over them by the very " intense " American women who have had such an influence on the life of after-war Paris, where they came for an extension of the round of new " emotions " and thrills, that they seemed to find a necessary accompaniment to the law-breaking engendered by Prohibition. But if the Parisienne is now all tuned-up for romance, there is little use in her looking for it on the boulevards. The old *suiveurs,* discouraged, lost the habit, and, like old soldiers, faded away. And the younger generation has provided no successors.

"Reappear to the onlooker in a thoroughly practical bathing costume"

IT may seem unduly early to begin talking of bathing costumes, but the Rue de la Paix people have to establish their programmes *bien en avance,* and they call upon us to survey their models almost as soon as they are designed, in order to send news to Wick in time for the bathing season, for it is understood by Paris that the belles of Wick would never take their Whitsuntide plunge unless they were assured of wearing the latest Paris fashions in one- or two-piece suits. Wick is known to like novelties, and the designers have been at pains to satisfy desires in this direction for the eventually expected season.

THE great triumph of Rue de la Paix imagination is the strip-on-the-beach costume. This does away with the necessity of walking down from the hotel in a raincoat or mackintosh, which somehow became ugly in such circumstances, and would insist on blowing open and revealing a lot of more or less presentable leg at the most unpropitious moments. It also dispenses with the scarcely more elegant bathing-robe that generally gave an unpleasant impression of towelling, however gaily coloured or patterned, especially when it conflicted with a really *chic* turban of the kind fashionable at Deauville, Biarritz and La Baule recently. It was really no more enjoyable to trail across that vast stretch of sand at Deauville in a flapping bathing-robe than it would be to traverse that similar Sahara at Southport, although some people would try to tell you it was altogether different.

WHEREAS in the new costume you can go shopping in the most fashionable thoroughfares of the swagger seaside resorts without being suspected of being robed in anything but the smartest *tailleur* —which, in fact, it is. But when you have finished your shopping, or half a mile of *footing,* as the Anglo-assassins call walking, you just saunter to the water's edge, press on a few snap-buttons that hold together cross-over skirts and coats, and reappear to the onlooker in a thoroughly practical bathing costume which is guaranteed to resist even sea-water. I suppose the coat and skirt are waterproofed inside to counter the effects of the damp costume after the swim, but about this I forgot to inquire.

RENÉ.

"BE WARNED, BROTHER!"

Miss Deborah Woodcock (Una O'Connor) warns her brother, Squire Woodcock (Stanley Lathbury), against the designs of Eustace (Franklyn Gilmore), who is disguised as a music master, upon Lucinda, the Squire's daughter, played by Sybil Crawley. This is a scene from Bickerstaffe's charming 18th century opera, "Love in a Village," that is proving a worthy compatriot of "The Beggar's Opera" at the Lyric, Hammersmith

Specially drawn for "The Bystander" by H. H. HARRIS

FAMOUS GOLFERS CAUGHT IN THE ACT: No. 10—CYRIL TOLLEY

A man of brawn if ever there was one, the famous amateur is a well-known figure on all the leading courses. His powerful follow-through after he has just "stepped on the gas" is well shown in the above picture

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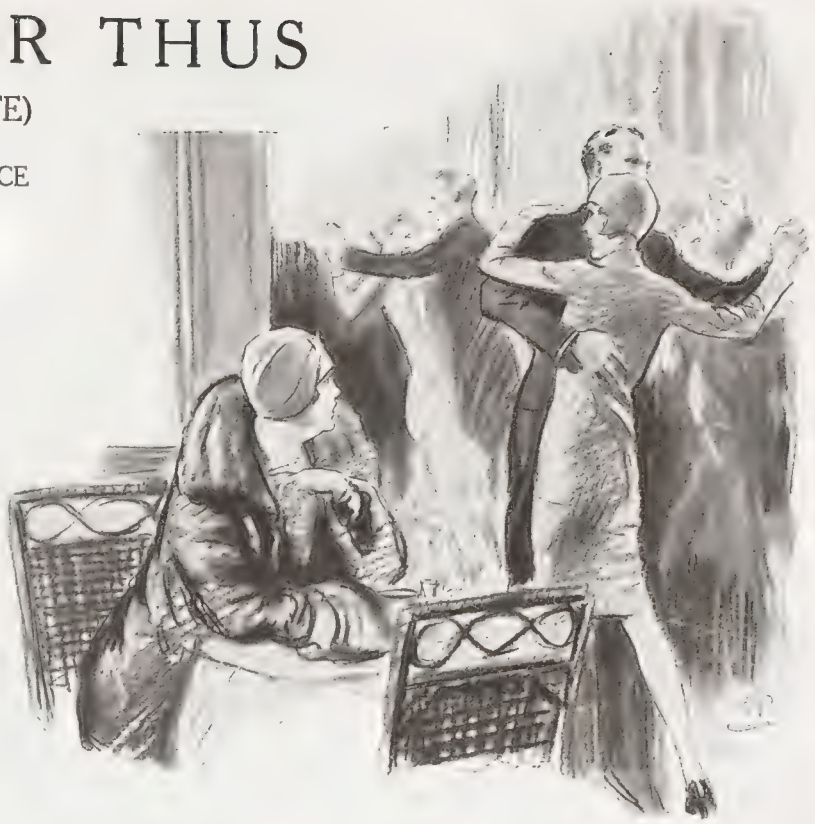
'TWAS EVER THUS

(A STUDY FROM LIFE)

By MARGERY H. LAWRENCE

Illustration by F. W PURVIS



"No; she *wasn't* going to dance, show herself tubby and clumsy and elderly-looking on the floor among all those slender, graceful nymphs of women"

She sat in the crowded tea-room, listening to the crashing thunder of the jazz-band, watching the twining couples as they glided round the floor, cheek to cheek, breast to breast, in the delicately indecent proximity permitted to otherwise well-bred young people by modern worship of the goddess of the ballroom. The room was crowded, as always; she glanced discontentedly about her, seeing on every hand women, women, women. The lucky ones escorted by a mere male, the others profiting by his absence to bid farewell to all restraint and gorge themselves gloriously on cakes and gossip.

Women! Some smartly slim, laughing and young; women frumpy and overdressed, middle-aged and elderly; thin and eager a few of them, but more verging on that dreaded line that divides pleasant plumpness from frank obesity—that line she had, alas! already more than crossed. She sighed.

Life was simply hateful, really! Only this morning Jim—of course, one's husband *would* be one of those lean, hawky, brown men who would keep thin on a diet of suet pudding and Devonshire cream!—had been expostulating with her over breakfast because she ate a tiny piece of buttered toast with her bacon, such a tiny piece, too! He had positively reached out and taken the butter-dish away from her, and snapped:

"*Really*, Ida, I should have thought your feminine vanity would have prevented your eating the way you do! You're putting on weight every day—it's really absurd! Look at Mrs. Bunting over the way—she was putting on weight—Tom Bunting told me she went up over a stone a year ago, but she tackled the thing like a sensible little woman, and you won't see her eat a thing now that's got sugar or butter in it. And look at her figure . . ."

She had retorted with an acidity concerning Sally Bunting that had sent James to the office in a very nasty frame of mind, and after dawdling through the morning looking at the shops as usual, she lunched at Fuller's, ordering creamed chicken, asparagus with butter sauce, two slices of lemon *meringue* pie and a cup of chocolate with a dim sort of feeling that by sheer defiant eating she was taking some sort of revenge on Jim for his unkindness.

Not unnaturally this meal induced sleepiness, and she wandered into the New Gallery for an hour at the pictures; frankly went to sleep in her velvet-covered fauteuil, and, awaking about four-thirty, decided her system needed a cup of tea, and betook herself to Rumpelmayer's; they were running *thés dansants* there now, and Minna Lawson said their chestnut cream cakes were divine.

Yet, despite herself, Jim's words of reproof haunted her, and when the waitress held seductively beside her a laden tray of cakes, with a sudden resolve she waved away the tempting array and ordered tea—with lemon. Over the uninviting cup she watched the dancers, and her determination increased.

She would—she really *would* take herself in hand seriously now; Jim was quite right. She was only thirty-two, anyway, no sort of age to weigh thirteen stone and over!

Why, that woman over there must be forty at least; the one in the black pleated dress and hat stabbed with a jade pin; clever colour-scheme that, she must remember it—with her reddish-auburn hair it would look better than on that sallow thing; but certainly she was slim! Looked no more than twenty-five when she was dancing. Now she was going to dance with the tall "pro.," no, he was taking her friend, the one in brown . . . *she* was slender, too, though the lines on the narrow, laughing face, the "whiskers" of iron-grey hair that peeped from under the pulled-down hat-brim bespoke fifty years—or nearly.

The onlooker's pretty little face, the rose-white complexion, coarsened into red, the small, dainty features blurred and thickened by fat, took on a more and more discontented look; really, *what* a fool she had been to eat all that stuff for lunch! She hadn't really liked it, either, she had felt sick and stodgy afterwards. . . In any case, food didn't seem to be worth while if one had to pay the price of feeling frumpy and old and out of it, as she felt now; she waved the bowing professional dancer away impatiently.

No; she *wasn't* going to dance, show herself tubby and clumsy and elderly-looking on the floor among all those slender, graceful nymphs of women, swaying and bending to the wind of the dance as tall jonquils sway in the breeze of spring. It wasn't that she was less well-

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

dressed; no, Jim was a dear there, never grudged her a new frock or an expensive hat. Why, this frock, the black satin with blue, with the little blue hat, was too smart for words, but it had had to be specially made for her, and the *modiste* had—oh, bitter recollection!—murmured something about "moddam trying another style of gown, one with sleeves, since perhaps moddam's arms were just a little plump." She had snapped at the woman in a sudden rage born of the realisation, as she turned and twisted before the mirror, surrounded by black-robed sycophants assuring her how well it suited her, that her arms *were*, indeed, "too plump," like two mottled pink sausages, knuckles and elbows indicated merely by a dimple, wrists by that line so charming in children, so coarsely ugly in their elders!

She huddled her mink wrap further over her heavy shoulders; no, she wouldn't dance. To-morrow Alice should put long sleeves into this dress—she had been a fool to insist on buying the "baby" sort of frock in which she used to look so adorable; or better, she would really bant most seriously; grow down to the frock; how Jim would rejoice! He was really proud of his pretty wife, had been distressed beyond measure when her innate indolence, after the whirl and bustle of the honeymoon, the excitement of her position as chatelaine of Jim's comfortable house in Streatham, took possession of her, and, abandoning the *rôle* of the "brisk little wife" of traditional suburban life, took to wearing dressing-gowns till mid-day, persistent eating of chocolates between over-rich meals, and finding the tennis that had led to their first romantic meeting too much trouble.

Yes—she would start now—had she not already started, by refusing cakes?—and she liked them so! It really was too beastly that one had to give up so many things to keep slim—and she would have to go without them for so long, months and months . . . . perhaps a year. But it must be done—Sally Bunting had done it, and in less than six months . . . . why there *was* Sally, with two other women, looking slimmer than ever, and so smart! Oh dear, she wished she hadn't come, she was feeling so depressed—the fattest woman in the room, she knew . . . . oh, she hadn't missed the look of relief on "the pro's" face when she refused to dance! *He* didn't want to lug her around the floor, not much—a dumpy little woman weighing thirteen stone!

Now he was dancing with Sally, and her slender printed chiffon frock looked a mere streak of material held against his slim height. She was even thinner than ever, positively looked like a girl! Yes, she was resolved; she would follow Sally's example—she wouldn't have Sally Bunting, her senior by two years, looking like her daughter!

Her mind roved excitedly over the future—how surprised Jane would be when her mistress, usually such a slug-a-bed, came down to breakfast to-morrow, smart and trim in a fresh morning frock—helped Jim to bacon and eggs, but contented herself with grape fruit or the juice of an orange. . . . that was all Sally allowed herself, she knew. Jane would get quite worried—she would say "Well, but 'm, you alwis bin used to eatin' well—you'll make yerself ill if you knocks it orf at oncet . . . ." but that was the best way, the only way. She would have just fruit juice and coffee for breakfast, nothing else at all—lunch, a mere morsel of salad, made without oil; no bread, just rusks . . . . oh dear, she hated them, they were so tasteless, but no matter . . . . and fruit again. No tea. That was the worst—she loved tea so!

Loved muffins, sizzling before the glowing fire—loved dropping, at the last minute, an additional lump of butter upon the selected muffin, to watch it melt and run—loved crumpets, greasily satisfying, buttered toast, crisp and brown, little sweet sandwiches and cakes, plum-filled, iced, lined with cream or jam or lemon curd . . . . as she thought about them she sighed, half aloud, so heavily that her neighbours, glancing round, wondered what sorrow was consuming the little fat woman in the handsome fur coat.

No use—she mustn't even *think* about cakes. Dinner would be just a chop and green vegetables and a little fruit for her, while Jim happily ate cream sauces and rich *ragoûts*, puddings and fish and game dressed a myriad of luscious ways . . . . oh dear, it *really* scarcely seemed worth while! Yet another glance at Sally Bunting crystallised her crumbling resolve afresh—she would rival Sally's figure or die for it! Well, she had decided—now she would go right out and order some lean beefsteak for to-morrow's dinner. She would walk down Piccadilly to Hyde Park Corner this minute as an earnest of her intention to take up exercise again. No more taxis unless it rained—she would walk and walk—the best exercise in the world, Sally said. Jim always teased her for making resolutions and breaking them, but this was a great thing—she would start on it right away, and in three months' time she would be able to wear "models" once more—gracious, to think that in the days when she was first married to Jim she took "small women's"! She had been a fool, but thank goodness it wasn't too late. Tapping the table, she demanded the bill, and, receiving it, glanced down at the sum with gratified surprise. Here was another reason for her proposed reform! The money she would save! . . . . she had spent goodness-knows-what on lunch, and this was a mere few pence—tea and lemon, nothing to eat! She struggled out of her chair, a tight fit for her plump little person in its full wrappings, and waddling up through the crowded room emerged into the quietness of the outer shop, where a few people awaited their late escorts, and rows of gaily-decorated chocolate boxes, ribboned, painted, embroidered, awaited also the purchasers that would fill them with the serried sweetness that was their brief life.

These filled one side of the shop—the other was lined with a great glass counter piled with sweets of every kind; truffles delicately coated with the dusky bloom of chocolate powder, opalescent piles of fondants, those pale-hued houris of the confectioner's heaven; bronze caramels ready to melt coyly in your mouth. Twisted amber sticks of barley sugar elbowed blocks of translucent green, jellies of *crême de menthe*, green as jade, lying like a regiment of soldiers side by side in the flat silver box. Next to them glittered a gaily-coloured heap of liqueur chocolates, each wrapped in coloured metal foil and bearing the name of the liqueur inside. Behind the formidable rows of temptation the two assistants chatted, idle for the nonce, exchanging comments on the few people in the outer shop.

They remarked on the latest arrival . . . . a fat little figure that puffed its way up from the inner room, panting, weighed down by its mink coat . . . . "she was a dump, wasn't she? My word, what a Glaxo Baby!—must weigh twenty stone . . . . betcher she's

G. Mannell

IN A NEW THEATRE

Miss Carlito Ackroyd, who plays the part of Jenny in the new musical play, "Blue Eyes." This entertaining show is at home at the recently opened Piccadilly Theatre

the sort that buys choc'lits to take home after having a banting tea " . . . . the speaker moved forward with a winning smile.

" Yes, moddam—pure chocolate, each filled with a different liqueur. Very good for after-dinner sweets—and the creme-de-monts popular with the gentlemen too . . . . a pound of each? Very good, moddam—and thank you! . . . . "

The sun shone brightly as the commissionaire hailed a taxi, and, climbing in, Mrs. Jim sank back against the cushions with a sigh of relief. She was tired somehow—didn't feel so well. She couldn't think why—ah, she had had no tea. Well, there was a lovely roast duck and new potatoes for dinner, and cream of barley soup. She thought Jane had better make a lemon *soufflé* too, and run round to Gibson's for a jug of cream. These chocs were really good—a new sort—and Jim had a hankering for *crême de menthe* " chewies." She would have to keep the liqueur things in the bottom of the wardrobe, she really didn't want any more of his lecturing. Ridiculous! . . . . if Sally Bunting *liked* to make herself ill starving, that was her affair . . . . but she'd suffer for it later . . . . meanwhile these were certainly the best she had ever tasted. She must get some of those truffles to-morrow and see if they were as good.

M. H. L.

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

Produced April 2, 1928

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

IN the immortal words of the schoolboy's essay, "Panics is a lot of people running about, some of them screaming." If we accept that definition, this play opens with a veritable panic. The stage is darkened as the curtain rises. All at once we hear the sound of mocking laughter, people are dimly observed to be running here and there, while the air is rent with piercing feminine screams. To add to the trouble a man outside in the pouring rain is flashing an electric torch on the window as if trying to obtain unlawful entry. Presently, however, the lights go up, and nobody knows why the housemaid should have screamed so loudly; while the man at the window proves to be Mr. Harding, a harmless motorist (if you can call motorists harmless in these days), whose car has broken down and who is looking for help.

Stage Photo Co.

THE RETURN OF THE DEAD

A great moment in the play when silence as a dramatic force is conclusively proved. The kneeling father, Major Vexted (J. Fisher White), meets his dead son, Ronnie Vexted (Robert Haslam), in peculiarly uncanny circumstances

IT then appears that one of the ladies had been entertaining the company with some psychic manifestations in an adjoining room, and the mocking laughter must have come from some spirit that had been called from the vasty deep, and had seen the joke first. Major and Mrs. Vexted, in whose house the scene takes place, lost their only son Ronnie in the War, and the spirit-rapping was started in the hope of getting a word about him from the Other Side. Mr. Harding, the motorist, drawn into the general conversation, expresses the view that there is no life to speak of beyond the grave. We live only so long after death as we are remembered by our survivors. In short, as the poet has put it, "To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die," which seems to be the key-note of the story.

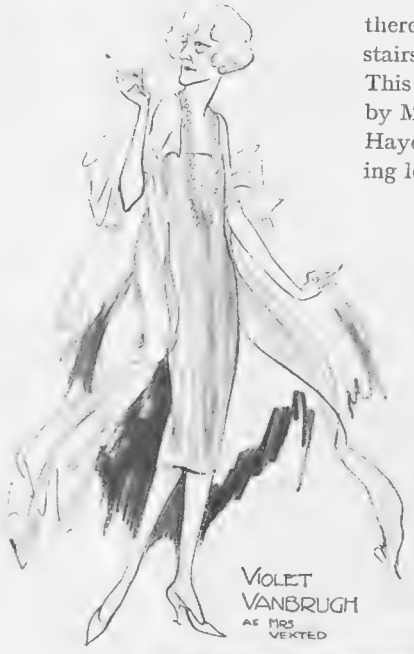
FROM this point we begin to tread on holy ground, and it may be that the play will prove to be a little too violently emotional for those who have loved and lost. Mr. Harding, the stranded motorist, who seems to have become one of the family in a few moments, is sitting alone in the lounge of Major Vexted's house when a smart, soldierly young fellow opens the French window and strides into the room. He frankly admits that he is dead, having been shot through the

mouth by an enemy bullet. His first act is to go and get himself a cooling drink, presumably so that we may have no doubt as to the locality from which he has temporarily escaped. Harding at once recognises Ronnie. It was he who saved Harding's life under heavy machine gun fire, although it is rather unkindly alleged that he was drunk at the time, and did not know what he was doing.

A STRANGE feature of the case is Major Vexted's constant reprobation of his son. It has to be admitted that Ronnie was not a good boy. He stole a valuable diamond ring from one of his father's guests, and also the lifetime's savings of the poor butler. Then, although engaged to the fair Pamela, who still keeps his memory green, he borrowed some money from the local clergyman and went away and married another girl. It may be that Major Vexted consoles himself with the reflection that if Ronnie had not fallen on the field of honour he would have lived only to become a convict, or something unpleasant like that.

A LITTLE later Ronnie appears as the light-hearted boy that he was before he was swept into the muddy whirlpool of the War. Pamela recognises him at once as he runs on the scene in his tennis flannels, inviting her to come out to play. That is Ronnie as Pamela remembers him, and he is, of course, no more than the baseless fabric of a dream. So much so, indeed, that as he stands in the

middle of the room, the servant girl cannot see him as she talks through him to Pamela. The Reverend A. Stanes the clergyman from whom Ronnie borrowed money he never intended to repay, recognises him at once and reproaches him with his fault. But Ronnie laughingly brushes the good man aside and turns to Mrs. Stanes, who has the best of all reasons for knowing him again, since he takes her in his arms and kisses her fondly as he did ten years ago, during one of the hectic "leafs" of the War. The Reverend gentleman is, of course, staggered at the revelation, and blames his wife for not having confessed her fault to him. But—should a woman tell?



MAJOR VEXTED is alone in the lounge when the butler announces Corporal Ronald Vexted. It seems that Ronnie once held a commission, but having been found guilty of forging a brother-officer's name to a cheque, he was reduced to a non-com. At first the Major will not see the fellow; but the Corporal will not be denied, and he is presently half-carried in by the butler and deposited in an armchair. In this scene Ronnie appears as he lives in his father's mind, the mud-stained soldier, with a shield of lint over his mouth to hide his ugly wound. He cannot speak, but shows in amazingly effective pantomime, for the information of his now anguished father, how he came by his death. This part is played by Mr. Robert Haslam, whose work is easily the most brilliant feature of the play.

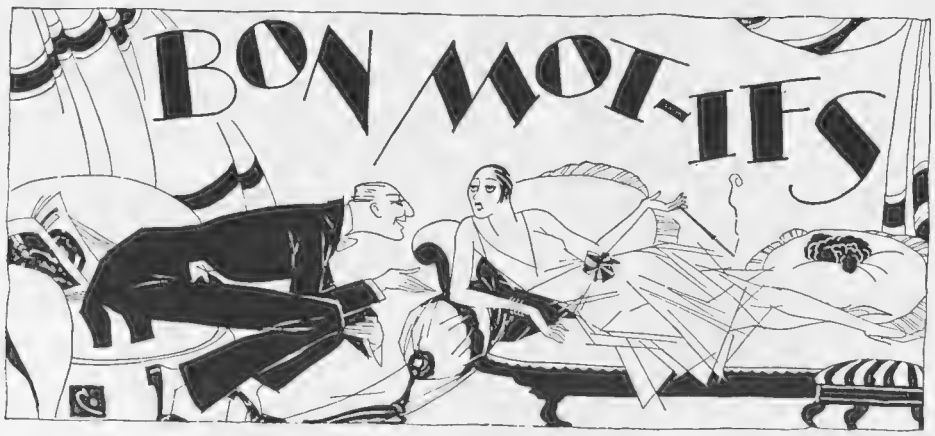
IT is then Mrs. Vexted's turn to meet her boy as he lives best in her memory. She has all along had a presentiment that he is somewhere about the house, because she has heard the note of a toy trumpet he played with as a child; and presently there comes lightly tripping down the stairs the playful Ronnie of nine or ten. This is an extremely beautiful scene played by Miss Violet Vanbrugh and Master Leonard Hayes. After a while Ronnie's mother, fearing lest he should take cold in his pyjamas, is for sending him back to bed. But Ronnie darts through the window and is gone.

AT the conclusion of the play the two dream characters, Ronnie as a man, and Ronnie as a boy, scamper lightheartedly across the stage together, as if to emphasise their unreality. As will be judged, the story treads on very delicate ground, but it is acted with sympathetic understanding by an extremely able company.

JINGLE.

WAR—AND THE ELEMENTS *Stage Photo Co.*

Major Vexted (J. Fisher White), the fire-eater, has the vision of the horrors of War brought vividly to him by a thunderstorm. Other members of the household offering nervous sympathy are Pamela Bentley (Grizelda Hervey), Miss Newton (Margaret Scudamore), James Harding (Alexander Onslow), the Rev. Arthur Stanes (Frank E. Petley), and Dorothy Stanes (Hilda Bayley)



By HARTLEY CARRICK

IT is said that some long-distance walkers favour light velveteen knickers. In the near future we shall probably read that golfers are wearing plush fours.

. . . . .

"I SAY," remarked one householder to another, "that you are infringing my ancient lights."

"You're a liar," retorted his neighbour.

"They'll never agree," a listener commented; "they are arguing from different premises"!

. . . . .

FIFTY Mexican bandits have been hanged. The season in those parts seems to be in full swing.

. . .

THE wife of an acrobat recently applied for a separation order on the grounds of desertion. These fellows are always trapeze-ing about.

. . .

WE are told that in Shakespeare's time golf was as popular as it is to-day. Certainly one of his characters "babbled o' green fees!"

. . .

THE prodigal son was complaining that his father had refused to finance him. "He is one of those parents," he exclaimed bitterly, "who treat their children with 'unremitting' kindness!"

. . .

THE motoring tax imposed by the Chancellor has made him unpopular with many car drivers. But Winston was always a stormy petrel.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"Can you parody this quotation from Coleridge's "Kubla Khan"?

"Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

Taking a firm Vardon grip of the problem, we perpetrate (not without hesitation) the following:—

Where Alf, to save his liver, ran
To taverns (twopence on the can!)
Down to "The Sun" lessee!

. . . . .

WHO wrote *à propos* a light beer: *"C'est magnifique, mais c'est n'a pas lager"?*

By GEORGE DIXON

VERY ELEVATING!

WIFE: "I may be half an hour here. Where shall I meet you?"
HUSBAND: "I think I'll stop in the lift, dear!"

THE POWER BEHIND "THE THROWN"

She threw him over, and I know
He must have felt the bitter blow,
For he, from dewy morn till late,
Would hang about outside her gate,
Hoping she'd take him for her beau.

What was the trouble? I don't know.
Was she fastidious? I can't state.
Whate'er it was, at any rate,
She threw him over

'Twas far more than a lover's tiff:
She'd dealt him out a mortal biff;
And now no more, coastguards aver,
He'll have the chance to pester her,
For it was quite a nasty cliff
She threw him over!

. . . . .

"JONES, construct a sentence containing the word 'hairpin.'"

"Mother told me that it must never hairpin again."

. . . . .

FROM a provincial paper:—"As the happy pair passed down the aisle the organist played 'Abride with Me.'" As he'd married the girl, he couldn't complain.

. . .

A NEWSPAPER offers a prize for the best set of verses on pillion riders. Why not revive the old song, "The Girl He Left Behind Him"?

. . .

A SURREY cricket enthusiast says that promising colts should be carefully nursed. Does he mean that they should subsist on Oval-tine?

. . .

"WHAT is the world coming to?" asks one of our papers.

We hazard the suggestion that it is to the Derby.

. . .

TO-DAY'S imperishable thought:—The girl who marries for the shekels must put up with the shackles.

"All Done by Kindness"

BY STARR WOOD

"What's the matter with Leo?"
"He refused to work, and my missus in a fit o' temper bit 'is leg!"

FAST BOWLING

By MAJOR THE HON. L. H. TENNYSON

In my article to-day I propose to make a few observations on a subject that for some reason or other is always in the minds of those who are jealously watching for any signs of deterioration, real or imaginary, in our national game, namely, fast bowling.

There is a saying amongst cricketers that all fast bowlers have a "kink." Like the old problem of whether the egg or the chicken came first, it will never be finally decided, I suppose, whether the "kink" is responsible for the fast bowling or the fast bowling for the "kink."

Being a fast bowler of moderate pretensions myself, I write really feelingly on this subject. Imagine a grilling day in summer, a turf wicket as level and true as a billiard table, and two batsmen who have been well set for hours. Imagine, also, a wretched bowler running some twenty yards at full speed, and hurling the ball with every ounce of energy at his command for overs on end; and then some confounded fieldsman in the gully puts a catch off his best swinger on to the floor. The combination is really extremely trying to anyone of temperament. My old friend, Charles Kortright, will be the first to confess that at the height of his renown he was occasionally somewhat irritable on the cricket field. Now that he has given up cricket and taken to golf, a much more agitating game, he is placidity itself. No, a fast bowler who is bowling persistently throughout the cricket season and does not sometimes go off the "deep end" is a real phenomenon.

When one is bowling fast every faculty in one's mind and body has to be at full stretch. It involves great nervous strain, as well as great physical exertion; a fast bowler who is not really fast is no earthly good at all. It is always the last ounce that does the trick.

A little time ago, in a London revue, there was a scene parodying one of those morbid and melancholy Russian plays then in fashion amongst the "high-brows." A football player is supposed to have made a magnificent run, and to have the goal at his mercy; suddenly, overcome by the vanity of human existence, he leaves the ball and exclaims, "But, after all, why should I kick a goal."

I only tell this little story to emphasise the fact that the ideal fast bowler must be the exact reverse in every respect to this gentleman.

It is related of the great Tom Richardson that on one occasion, during a match which seemed to be an inevitable draw, he was bowling with all his accustomed fire and energy, although the field had become somewhat slack. The batsman struck a ball which looked likely to reach the boundary, and none of the fieldsmen moved to intercept it—except Tom Richardson. *He* dashed after it, and made what would have been a four into a three. Here was a notable example of the highest morale in a fast bowler to which few of the tribe perhaps could aspire.

Now let me say a few words about fast bowlers of the present day. In the first place, there are not very many of them. Perhaps the human race is growing saner by degrees, or perhaps it is the length of the cricket season and the heartbreakingly good wickets that are responsible. Are any of them really fast? Yes, young Larwood, of Notts, certainly is. For the ideal fast bowler he is on the small side, but he has a beautiful high action, a fine pair of shoulders, and gets all his weight into his deliveries. He keeps a splendid length, and often makes the ball get up at an awkward angle. He is a real trier, and should his leg, with which he has recently been troubled, stand the strain, he should be in the direct descent of great English fast bowlers.

When watching Maurice Tate one might not perhaps think him a genuinely fast bowler, but his speed off the pitch is like lightning, and unless you get well forward to him he is through to your wicket before you know where you are. What a dominating figure of a bowler he is, and what a pity he has to do so much work for his county.

Then there is Macdonald of Lancashire, than whom no finer fast bowler, I feel sure, ever lived. He and Gregory when they came over with the Australian side in 1921 were a really terrifying pair for the best batsmen to come up against. They exemplified what I said at the beginning of this article—that fast bowlers to be formidable must be *really* fast, and by this fact they undoubtedly won the rubber for Australia that year.

Macdonald is still a magnificent bowler, but his days of devastation are perhaps now a little rarer than they used to be.

I have not mentioned that beautiful bowler and hard trier, George Geary, as he does not actually come within the scope of my theme to-day, being a fast medium; but his colleague, Alec Skelding, is really fast.

To mention one or two more, there are Durston of Middlesex and Nichols of Essex—undoubtedly a young bowler with a future.

I should like to mention Allen of Middlesex, Jacques of Yorkshire, Allom of Cambridge University, and Utley of Hampshire; but none of these is exactly destructively fast.

Francis and Constantine, of the West Indian team, will, I fancy, show us this year what that little extra turn of swiftness is worth when the fast bowler of the side throws his last ounce of strength into the scale.

By Mac

A BOWLER WITH A FUTURE

An impression of Harold Larwood, the Notts and England player, getting under way. He is looked upon as being a fast bowler of considerable promise

ROWNTREE'S TABLE JELLY DELIGHTS

The Rowntree Jelly Recipe Book, showing these and many other delicious dishes – all tested and approved by the "Good Housekeeping" Institute—will be sent free for a postcard to Rowntree's, York.

(B.r. Dept.)

CHOCOLATE BLANC-MANGE

Scald ½ pint milk. Mix one dessert spoon Rowntree's Elect Cocoa and 1 tablespoonful sugar with a little boiling water; bring to boil. Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Vanilla Jelly in ½ pint hot water. Add cocoa. When cool, gradually stir into ½ pint milk. Pour into wet mould. Leave to set.

RASPBERRY POMMES

Peel and core 3 or 4 large apples. Cook very gently in pie-dish, with enough water to cover and sugar to taste. Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Raspberry Jelly in water in which apples were cooked; add hot water to make up 1 pint. Place apples in glass dish, pour jelly over and leave to set. Decorate with jelly of another colour.

JELLY MARLBOROUGH

Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Jelly in ¾ pint hot water; leave to cool. Trim sponge fingers to height of charlotte russe tin; brush their edges with white of egg; pack fingers tightly round mould. Whip jelly, when cold, to a sponge and pour into mould.

RUSSIAN CHARLOTTE

Dissolve one Rowntree's Jelly in ½ pint hot water. Line sides and bottom of a mould with jelly. When set, place finger biscuits round sides. Pour a little jelly into bottom of mould, decorating centre with angelica. When remainder is cool, whisk with ¼ pint milk and a little whipped cream. Pour into mould; leave to set.

10 Varieties

4½D. pint packet.

De Reszke

— of course!

De Reszke Virginias — 'Ivory'-tipped or Plain — 100 for 5/-, 50 for 2/6

OLD MA LONDON–

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *May 7.*

DEAR COUSIN,

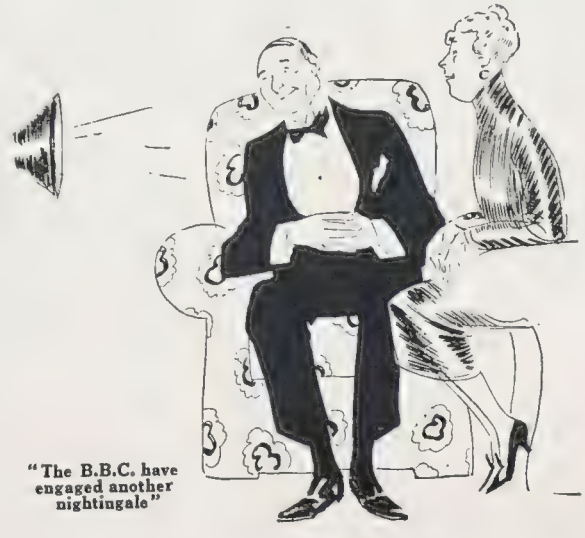
OLD MA LONDON is the failure of the white race, says a Chicago paper, being somewhat cross at a few mild remarks passed over here about Big Bill Thompson . . . and, oh, really rather a scream, isn't it? Especially at this particular moment as ever is, when our old home town's just about absolutely and completely at the top of its form—and, incidentally, being positively invaded by phalanxes and hordes of admiring Americanos; but that's by the way.

THOSE curious old relics of our effete civilisation called Courts, *par exemple*, having their push-off this very week, among other things. Which always helps to add to the general atmosphere of gaiety, somehow, even if said functions aren't exactly the very last

"Big Bill Thompson"

word in reckless revelry and joyous *abandon*, as you might say. Have to organise these shows with some care these days, they do, you know, now that there's about a thousand sweet young goils (quite a lot of 'em Americans, too) got to be ushered past the Throne at each. *And* do their curtsy nicely and neatly, too, which takes, believe me, some assiduous practice and study.

THOSE curtsys . . . rather fascinating things, truly, sometimes, as practised in proper *milieu* and really right costume. As, for instance—the stage can mostly give us points, can't it?—in *Blue Eyes*, which is *the* very latest new musical show at *the* very latest new theatre, the Piccadilly to wit. Wherein Evleyn Laye and others do some of the aforesaid curtsying in some of the sweetest frocks yet seen on any stage—though, mind you, they don't suit *everybody*, and some of the chorus look well-nigh stumpy in these crinoline efforts that only underline her exquisite slimness. (But she mustn't get any thinner, and lamb chops and pineapple *quite* unneeded in *her* case).



"The B.B.C. have engaged another nightingale"

"Reckless M.P. who dared to start lighting a pipe"

YOU know, she's supposed, in the play, to be a famous Covent Garden actress of the time, which was when the picturesque Young Pretender was having his various rebellions and things. Mr. W. H. Berry's an actor, too, and somehow gets mixed up with it all, complete with typical *mots*, such as when about to be arrested in kilts: "I'm not all Scotch—my knees have given."

A RATHER lovely and comfortable theatre, this new Piccadilly, by the way. Though more easeful to sit in than get into, I can assure you, *moi qui vous parle*, having been one of the fortunate 1,200 out of 12,000 would-be first-nighters thereat, and, oh, the slow-march queue procession of us, half a step at a time, down those narrow staircases before we could reach the haven of the stalls.

WHAT a life, is not it, and the only possible way, methinks, of keeping alive is to shirk just a few, at any rate, shows of the moment, like the people who listen-in to the opera on the wireless and then pretend they've been. Quite a restful evening, though, I had at the Trocabaret the other night at the Troc., truly an oasis in the maelstrom of things, as they say. Such a peaceful room, and 'snice to listen to the charming Neapolitan *chansons* of M. Pizella, while M. Maurice, the ideal

maître d'hôtel, presides in his quietly masterful way, and somehow manages to persuade you that *you*, and you only, are the one particular person of the evening who really matters—how do they do it? Am as patriotic as anyone, I hope, but have yet to meet, alas! the Englishman who can give me at a restaurant that all-we-have-is-yours-and-you-have-but-to-command kind of feeling.

卐

HAVE just been inspecting a truly beautiful and heartening collection of the very best and brightest specimens of our nation—at the new and newly opened Madame Tussaud's to wit. So nice, isn't it, to meet Mr. H. G. Wells, and "G. B. S.," and Winston, and Queen Elizabeth, and Ramsay Mac, and Nelson, and Napoleon, and Wellington face to face, all in one afternoon. They had a party, too, to celebrate the opening, and it was really rather amusing to see Mr. Wells admiring himself, and Mr. Jimmy Wilde getting alongside the wax image of "J. W." to show a friend the difference lunch had made, so to speak—till a stern, unrecognising official straitly commanded him to come out from behind the ropes, and whatever did he mean by doing things like that? But the Chamber of Horrors, I must say, just a shade disappointing in its clean new guise—even the guillotine scene and Charles Peace looking at his gallows don't quite make up for the old spacious gloom and haunting, musty, mystery, methinks.

"At Madame Tussaud's"

卐

TEA on the Terrace now being revived, by the way (talking of celebrities), and great excitement and interest of the moment to have pointed out to one the reckless M.P. who actually dared to start lighting up a pipe in the sacred precincts of Parliament—they're talking of putting *him* in the Chamber of Horrors next, I hear. And Margot's published her first novel, so there's hope for all of us; though I don't suppose most of *us*'d get £10,000 down for our first efforts in that line. And an A.R.A. says "flappers are darlings," and the B.B.C. have engaged another nightingale, and—oh, well, that's quite enough excitements just for this week, isn't it, or aren't they?

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

"BLUFF"

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

WHILE bluff is a recognised part of Poker, it is not regarded by all players as a legitimate factor at Auction Bridge. I know some men who consider it dishonest and refuse to play with people who resort to it.

But some forms of bluff are quite justifiable, and there are others which sail perilously near the line of sharp practice.

The line of demarcation is not always easy to define, but I think one's natural sense of honesty and decency guides one as to what is permissible and what is not.

There are people who hold that you should not take psychology into account, and that you should bid and play on the same lines in whatever company you find yourself.

. . . . . .

But this seems to me unreasonable. You are entitled to take into account the human element, to play *men* as well as *cards*.

A piece of bluff which succeeds usually only against a weak player is where you find yourself with a long, solid minor suit over a No Trump bid.

It is your lead, and it is certain you can save the game; but if you can drive declarer into a bid of "Two No Trumps," you can make sure of finding him.

You therefore make a bid of a suit in which you are short or weak, in the hope that the No Trump declarer or his partner will call "Two No Trumps." Is that fair?

Certainly it is. Although it is done to deceive it is legitimate deception

. . . . . .

I remember a case where I called No Trumps, holding:—S.—A, J, 4. H.—K, Q, 2. D.—J. C.—A, K, J, 9, 6, 5.

The opponent on my left called "Two Clubs." Third and fourth hand passed. Now it was obvious to me that the "Two Club" call was not genuine.

If I doubled or called "Two No Trumps," I reopened the bidding. I therefore left it alone. The bluffer held seven *Diamonds* to the quart major and the Ace of Hearts.

If he had been content to leave the No Trumper alone he would have got 100 points above the line. His bluffing tactics cost him 250 points undoubled. He had only one Club!

But anyone not knowing the peculiar little ways of the player in question would have been likely to fall into the trap and bid "Two No Trumps," or double.

. . . . . .

The kind of bluff which is downright dishonest is where a player, by his hesitation, tone of voice, manner, and general deportment deliberately conveys a wrong impression. Here is a case which occurred

Dealer held eleven Spades to the Ace, King, Queen. There could have been no doubt or difficulty as to his call. But he went through his hand several times, gazed at the ceiling, hesitated, and finally called "One Spade." The opponent on his left bid "Two Hearts," and his partner "Three Diamonds." Fourth hand raised the call to Three Hearts.

Again the dealer hesitated, sighed and fretted, and at last called "Three Spades."

To cut the story short, "Five Hearts" were called eventually, and the dealer, in the tones of a desperate man, bid "Five Spades." This was doubled and finally redoubled by the dealer.

I do not say that the redouble was good, as his opponents had all the Hearts and Clubs between them. But the opposition was undoubtedly misled by the demeanour of the dealer, and thought the redouble was a fine thing for them. The dealer made a grand slam.

Now you may say that no one has any right to form conclusions from the methods of calling of his opponents. I do not agree.

No one ought to pretend he has a cause for hesitating.

At any rate, I should not care to play with this particular bluffer. Some people think this kind of thing clever. But others call it by a different name.

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Sporting Occasions Afloat and Ashore

IN BELFAST *L.N.A.*

Miss Barbara Brett photographed receiving a prize from Lady Mary Meade at a gymkhana held in aid of the Belfast Children's Hospital. The gymkhana took place at Richmond Lodge, Belfast

Central Press

YACHTING ON THE THAMES

A picturesque study of yachting on the Thames, a sport which increases in popularity each year and is particularly attractive when assisted by bright sunshine. The two yachts seen here are on the Thames above Kingston Bridge

Sport and General

BOWLING ON THE ISLAND

Mr. J. W. Hardley (left) and Alderman G. E. Mears, skippers of the New Zealand and Isle of Wight bowling teams which met at Ryde. The visitors were defeated by 132 shots to 102

L.N.A.

A FENCING SUCCESS

Mr. Desprez presenting the Desprez Cup to Miss Butler, the Lady Champion, after the competition at Bertrand's Fencing Academy. Miss Butler won on hits after a tie with Miss Daniell and Mrs. Freeman, each having one fight in the pool itself

Sport and General

THE WINNER IN ACTION

W. F. Bascombe (Jobbers), the winner of the Stock Exchange Walk from London to Brighton, going strongly. The photograph was taken whilst he was passing through Merstham

BEATING THE GOALKEEPER *Topical*

A photograph taken during the lacrosse match between Oxford University and the South, which was played at Oxford recently. The University team is now hard at work practising for the forthcoming Olympic Games, in which it is taking part

Hard Court Tennis on the Coast

Sport and General

MISS M. E. DIX IN PLAY

L.N.A.

MISS JOAN RIDLEY ON THE BASE LINE

TENNIS AT BOURNEMOUTH

Remarkably fine play signalised the Hard Court Championships, held at the West Hants Lawn Tennis Club, at Bournemouth. In the Women's Singles Miss J. C. Ridley, Miss C. Hardie, Miss E. Bennett and Miss E. A. Goldsack were the last four

Sport and General

MISS GOLDSACK SMASHES ONE

Photographs

J. C. GREGORY (Great Britain)

Sport and General

R. BOYD (Argentina)

Two photographs of Single. Matches between Great Britain and Argentina in their Davis Cup Tie at Torquay. J. C. Gregory (Great Britain) beat W. Robson (Argentina) by 10-12, 13-11, 6-3, 8-6, and R. Boyd (Argentina) beat E. Higgs (Great Britain) by 6-3, 4-6, 6-3, 6-3

SUMMERTIME has arrived, and the weekly flying totals at the clubs begin to increase rapidly. London usually heads the list with the number of hours flown, but there will be great competition this year now that all the clubs are well in their stride. The Yorkshire Club at Sherburn-in-Elmet would like it to be known that their club-house is fully equipped for the hungry or thirsty traveller by air, and they welcome visits by private owners at any time.

Most aerodromes on the Continent, where the climate is reasonable, are already equipped with open-air *cafés* which cater particularly for the mere spectator, thereby increasing the air-mindedness of the general public. Blackpool will be our first municipality to provide adequately for public interest in flying. Six hundred acres is being developed as a pleasure and sports centre, which will include an aerodrome. There will be a Flying Pageant on July 6 and 7, for which fourteen of the light 'plane clubs have already entered, in addition to many private owners and professional pilots. The Royal Air Force will give a flying display of formation drill and aerobatics, and many foreign pilots and machines are expected to take part in the races. This will be the first big international meeting since the War, and it is interesting to remember that one of the first aviation meetings ever held in this country was at Blackpool in 1908.

Planet News

Topical

AT STAG LANE AERODROME

Two photographs of the distaff side of flying at the London Aeroplane Club, Stag Lane, Edgware. On the left is Miss C. Johnson, a monocled airwoman, and on the right Mrs. Simon Fraser, photographed in the cockpit of a Moth

Lord Ossulston, who is flying to the Continent at the end of July, owns an "X" type "Moth," which he uses not only as a means of transport from Northumberland, but for commercial work, hiring it out, with himself as pilot, for any interesting job which may occur. Colonel the Master of Sempill has been sharing a D.H.51 with General "Jimmy" Weir during the winter, but he hopes to get a machine of his own again quite soon. Being accustomed to seaplanes, and knowing the importance of their development for use on Empire air routes, Colonel Sempill would prefer to use a light seaplane or amphibian, but as types they scarcely exist. Apart from "Moths" and "Avians" on floats, the Short "Mussel" with a "Cirrus" engine is practically the only small machine designed primarily for use from the water. The additional knowledge required to handle such a machine while taxying and mooring on the water is already possessed by a large number of people interested in yachts and motor boats. There is a big potential market waiting for the enterprising designer who first produces a handy light seaplane or amphibian (preferably the latter) at a low price.

Flying provides an easy means of escape from our treacherous weather, and most people learning to fly have ideas of a tour abroad as soon as they feel their wings. There being no signposts in the air, when one gets away from familiar landmarks good maps in a handy form are essential. A railway or road map torn from a guide book and pasted on a piece of linen is excellent as far as it goes, but it usually goes over the side when one needs it most. The latest air map, produced by Stanford's, is in the form of thin, stiff sheets hinged on rings, so that the whole thing is a loose-leaf book, just the right size for the cockpit. Instead of taking a wallet full of maps all shapes and sizes, with

LONDON'S NEW AIR PORT *L.N.A.*

A group taken at the recent official opening of the improved and enlarged Air Port of London at Croydon. Sir Samuel and Lady Hoare are seen at the door of one of the huge 'planes, while in the centre is the Mayor of Croydon

A WHO'S WHO PUBLISHED BY WORTHINGTON

CAROLINOS-JAMES, Horatio. Artist. Studied under Batik in Russia, Lieberwurst in Berlin, and under Canvass in France. *Works:* "Nymph in Pool," "Nymph in Woods," "Nymph in Clover," "Nymph." *Sport:* Worthington. *Recreation:* Worthington. *Clubs:* Any club where Worthington is procurable.

different scales and in various colours, the most complicated route round the world can be had in one or more volumes, forming a continuous picture with no blanks. Treated with Stanford's "Lutra" weatherproof process, the map is impervious to liquid of any kind, and notes can be made on its surface in advance or *en route*, to be removed later by gentle massage with the fingers.

Wing-Commander Manning, who is on half-pay from the R.A.F. at his own request, and is flying to Australia on a Westland "Widgeon," made the long hop to Africa from Marseilles direct to Tunis. He is delayed there with engine trouble, and as this is the first trans-continental flight to be undertaken on a "Widgeon," his progress will be followed with special interest. Two other officers of the R.A.F., Mr. J. S. Newall and Mr. Neville Vintcent, who are on half-pay to carry out a commercial flight to the East, have already put in four months of useful work, carrying passengers, taking photographs from the air, and lecturing at each stopping place. They arrived at Karachi recently, and hope to visit all the important Indian cities to demonstrate the value of aircraft for transport and surveying. Captain "Tony" Gladstone, who has been in East Africa making plans for the new air service which will run from Alexandria to Kenya *via* the Nile Valley, and eventually to South Africa, has had to give up his project of flying home to England owing to illness. A young German pilot has taken his place on Lord Carbery's "Fokker," which has been hired by Sir Pyers Mostyn for the journey.

The modern parachute is a well-tried appliance, highly efficient in operation and failure to open is very rare, practice jumps forming part of a pilot's training in every air service in the world. It is singularly unfortunate that one of these failures should have caused the death of General Guidoni, one of Italy's ablest air staff officers and a man of charming personality who had been Air Attaché in London and Washington.

By Hynes

BIRD MEN—No. 3: MR. BERT HINKLER

By his lone flight to Australia he added another feather to his cap. Among his other outstanding feats were a non-stop flight from Croydon to Turin on an Avro-Baby in 1920 and a record non-stop long-distance flight from Sydney to Bundaberg on a similar machine in 1921

Captain Macmillan, in his book, "The Art of Flying," has presented in the clearest possible manner a picture of what flying really means. Not only is this book of value to the pilot of to-day, but it should be read by the younger generation, which will take to flying as it took to wireless, mastering the whys and wherefores before using the knowledge in actual practice. Captain Macmillan stresses the importance of "ground" thinking in relation to every situation of a machine in the air, and his style is such that the pilot in embryo can learn a lot whilst still at school. Mr. John Leeming's little book, "Pilot's 'A' Licence," will be useful to those about to fly. He has extracted from official publications only the rules which govern private flying, and he sets out very clearly what has to be done to acquire Licence "A."

At a recent motor race meeting at Brooklands quite a number of "Moth" owners took advantage of the excellent aerodrome available to arrive by 'plane. Amongst them were Captain White, Mr. Malcolm, Lieutenant Glen-Kidstone, and Mr. Jackaman. Many of the golf courses have a landing space quite near the club-house, so that members can now get in a round in the evening by flying there, whereas in the old days travelling by car or train took up too much time. De Havilland's have got the production of the "Moth" up to eight a week, but deliveries cannot be guaranteed for many weeks ahead, so great is the demand.

C. E. Ward.

Whitsuntide on the Continent

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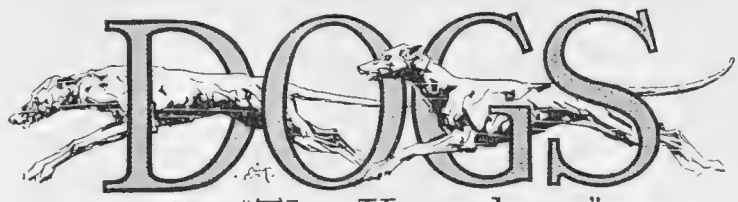

By "The Kennelman"

LONDON having been the centre of the Dog Show world during the first week of this merry month, the provinces are now offering a pretty full programme, including the first big open-air Show of the year, at Bath to-morrow, Thursday; Rufford, Otley, and the Alsatian League's Show at Manchester, all three fixed for the 12th; the British Pekingese Club at Manchester on the 15th; and Liverpool's Championship Show and Southsea's on the 16th. Cambridge (Town and County) hold a Show to-morrow, Thursday. Spillers will bench and feed at Bath and Liverpool and no fewer than twenty other Shows this month: a notable record.

This year's Shows in the South of France—Marseilles, Nice, Mentone, Cannes, Monte Carlo—and, too, in Tunis and in Italy, have so far been successful in attracting big crowds.

Some foolish things are being said and written about "the new disease of canine hysteria in England." As a matter of fact, it is far from being epidemic or very prevalent in this country, though it has been known and studied for half a century, and deserves study. Nocard of Italy prescribed and wrote about it in the *Veterinary Journal*, Vol. 15, August, 1882. A correspondent requests publication for general guidance of the prescription recently referred to in these Notes, which has been found effective in many kennels. It is: Lysol, ¼ drachm; Friar's Balsam, ½ drachm; naphthol, 2 drs.; æther, 7 drs.; olive oil, 10 drs. The mixture is dropped into the ear cavity, which is then plugged with cotton-wool to prevent evaporation of the æther; and the dose is repeated after two or three days. The disease is admittedly contagious; its germ attacks the canine brain, and its pronounced symptoms are often described as "fits." Another correspondent inquires about the treatment recently referred to for the painful cysts which sometimes develop between the toes of Dogs; especially those that live largely indoors and have little exercise. It is really a form of eczema, and can sometimes be relieved by a simple change of diet, generally in the direction of reduction. Painting with iodine, boracic ointment, or carbolised vaseline (the affected paw being securely bandaged to prevent licking) is curative, and to relieve pain fomentation with warm poppyheads is as good as anything.

The thing to remember in connection with this, and ninety-nine per cent. of other doggy ills, is that prevention is vastly better than cure, and easier, too. Damp, draughts, or dirt, especially where the sleeping bench is concerned, and lack of adequate exercise and daily brushing, are frequent causes of trouble; and the commonest, most mischievous of all causes is incorrect feeding. Too much bulk with too little actual nutriment; unsuitable and indigestible foodstuffs such as go to the Dog fed on household "scraps"; irregular feeding and snacks between meals; an exclusively farinaceous dietary instead of one consisting of fully half flesh food, such as the carnivorous Dog requires; these and other forms of incorrect feeding cause much canine illness; and perhaps the worst of the lot is over-feeding. Puppies need frequent small meals, but the ideal *régime* for the grown Dog is one very light meal, such as a single biscuit, or half a dozen Sippets, and one square feed (50 to 75 per cent. thin-cut raw lean meat), in each twenty-four hours; and not another single scrap at any time—fresh drinking water always available. Hard, dry, crisp food that demands crunching and gnawing, and no sloppy stuff: that is what the healthy adult Dog requires to keep him fit and well; each meal measured to leave him wanting just a little more when it's finished—that's the golden rule for canine well-being.

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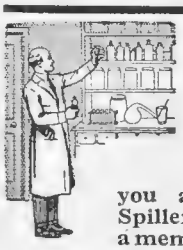

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There is no charge—no obligation, and all members have posted to them quarterly, gratis, copies of Spillers Dog & Poultry Journal, which contains a wealth of practicable and seasonable advice to Dog & Poultry Owners.

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Careful feeding is always necessary.

Feed regularly on KEN-L-RATION and be sure to take a few tins with you when you leave town for the week-end. Don't leave him behind pining for you.

Don't forget the tin opener!

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28, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

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DOG MIXTURE In Bottles from 2/6

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2 BARTHOLEMEW CLOSE LONDON, E.C.1.

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Facing South and directly overlooking the sea.
200 Rooms including many
BATHROOM-BEDROOMS and SUITES
Fully licensed — excellent cooking — week-end dancing.
Moderate Charges. Inclusive or a la carte.
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Many fine examples at
5, 6, 7 & 8 gns.

Considering the traditional prejudice against clothes not made to measure, the success achieved in a few short years by the "New Tailoring" seems amazing. But it was a success from the start because the idea of "choosing clothes instead of cloth" is not only sound; it can so easily be *proved* sound. Every year we have been able to buy greater quantities of fine and exclusive cloths and thus give greater value. Every year we have extended our system of true-to-life fittings. And, to-day, the finest tribute to the "New Tailoring" is paid by the number of men who come back for their third, their fourth, their fifth suit.

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SR 1928 *Also at Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol and Preston* AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

POLO NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Sport and General

A MIDFIELD TUSSLE

An incident in the recent game at Ranelagh between M Battery, R.H.A., and the Royal Horse Guards. The former who received ½ goal, won by 4½ goals to 3

Junior Teams

IN the article I wrote last week on the outlook for the season I referred to the formation of a number of strong teams which will take part in the leading London tournaments. I now learn of a great many sides of lower handicaps which have arranged to play together throughout the summer. I think this is a most encouraging sign. All players naturally cannot be in the front rank, and it is satisfactory to known that the less effective exponents of the game are being well catered for and are determined to extract all the fun they can possibly get out of the season with stick and ball. I congratulate Sir Ian Walker on the good show which his Osmaston team made in the recent spring tournament at the West Somerford Club. This side will be playing in London, though I hear it is doubtful whether Capt. G. Reid Walker will be able to play regularly in Town.

Express Photo

A FAMILY AFFAIR

The famous polo player Mr. Earl Hopping and his son, Mr. E. A. Hopping, who are again to the fore in the world of polo. The photograph was taken at Roehampton

New Official Umpires

WHEN I was at the Roehampton Club last week I was informed that Major S. C. Deed had accepted the position of official umpire there. He is a player with considerable experience, not only in this country but in the Argentine. What is more, he usually has some first-rate ponies in his stud. He tells me that he proposes to run a team during the season, of which Col. Alan Reynolds and Mr. Tim Curtis will be members. The last-named was lately captain of the Stoke D'Abernon Club, which, I am sorry to learn, is not being carried on this season. The club had a first-class ground within easy reach of Town and was one of those institutions where polo players could enjoy their sport at a comparatively slight cost. It had an energetic hon. secretary in Major Ledingham, and it seems to be a thousand pities that it should have gone under. Let us hope that means will be found to resuscitate the Stoke D'Abernon enterprise before long. At Ranelagh the official umpires this year are Lieut.-Col. B. H. Mathew-Lannowe and Lt.-Col. L. E. Dening, the latter filled a similar post at the club four seasons ago. The Ranelagh campaign opened successfully last week with the Fortnightly Cup Tournament.

Players at Weedon

I HAVE not heard yet of the definite composition of the Scopwick team this season, but we may be sure that Col. Vernon Willey, with his great enthusiasm for the game, will be able to produce a tolerably strong combination. Probably it will include Major Dennis Boles and Mr. J. G. Leaf. The latter's brother, Capt. N. W. Leaf, is still on the permanent staff of the Equitation School at Weedon, where there will be polo three days a week during the season. It will not be possible to run a Weedon team in London this year, but it is hoped to turn out a good side in a number of the country tournaments. The course at the Equitation School disperses in the middle of the present month, and the next long course begins on July 18, when it is hoped that the students will include a number of useful polo players.

Roehampton's Scheme

I HAD a chat with Col. C. D. Miller and Major C. C. Lister last week on the subject of their scheme for encouraging young players. I gather that no attempt was made to put this into working order until the opening of the polo season because, as I suggested was the case last week, young players could not be persuaded to concentrate on polo until the distractions of the hunting and point-to-point seasons were over. I am told that a strong team of lecturers is being got together, representative of the various schools of riding. These lectures are to be held in the Bridge Room at Roehampton once or twice a week at 2 o'clock. Those who attend them will have the opportunity of securing practice on the wooden horse or will be able to play in members' games. The project appears to have been carefully thought out and capably organised, and is certainly a move in the right direction.

AT MINEHEAD *Sport and General*

A photograph taken at Dunster Castle Lawns after Sir Ian Walker's Osmaston team had beaten the Pilgrims for the Quintin Dick Cup. The group shows Mr. S. J. Barton (left), Sir Ian and Lady Walker, Capt. G. Reid Walker, and Major J. Vere Foster

With Song and Jest at the Shaftesbury

MR. FRED MACKAY, MISS GRETA FAYNE, AND MR. QUENTIN TOD IN A MODERN SETTING OF ARCADY

MR. JACK SMITH, THE WHISPERING BARITONE

MISS ELSA MACFARLANE COMBINING SIMPLICITY WITH BEAUTY

MR. BILLY BENNETT AS A WELL-DRESSED MAN

Photographs · *Stage Photo Co.*

"Will o' the Whispers," the musical entertainment at the Shaftesbury Theatre, is proving one of the most popular of London's revues. Ballads and fair ladies amid settings of roses are among the many attractions, while Mr. Billy Bennett provides the lighter side

A Point-to-Point Meeting in Surrey

Alfieri

LORD AND LADY CAMDEN WITH THEIR SON, LORD RODERIC PRATT

Alfieri

LORD ABERGAVENNY AND THE HON. MRS. BEAUMONT NESBITT

Topical

LADY BRIDPORT LADY CHURSTON AND MR. W. T. WESSELL

Alfieri

MAJOR AND MRS. GUY LARNACH-NEVILE

Alfieri

MISS GROSVENOR AND MISS ROSEMARY NEVILL

The Old Surrey and Burstow Hunt Point-to-Point Races proved a most popular meeting this year and had the additional fortune of fine weather. The races were held at Ardenrun, Lingfield, and there were 20,000 people present

Femina

TIDY LONDON

By "CANDIDA"

No, I shall not say anything about it. For one thing, it's so obvious that all who run may read; and for another, it's been said so often, and always in the same old way. The same old adjectives have always described it every beginning of every May; the same old sequence has never varied since it was first established—by whom and why? Nobody knows—at least, I don't. Still, the old story repeats itself. Thus and thus they must have proclaimed it in ancient Egypt; thus and thus they must have decreed it in highbrow Athens; thus and thus they must have given it out in Imperial Rome: "Eat, drink, and be merry; the Season has begun."

No, I shall not say anything about it. Its chief aim has always been to squeeze more into the day than the day will hold, though no one has ever yet succeeded in getting the better of Time. No one except Joshua, who did persuade the sun to go on shining until he had finished his urgent business. And to think that he was allowed to depart without giving a hint of the way he set about it! It's an omission I've never ceased to regret!

After all, there's no getting away from it; so here goes: The Season has begun. The Courts are on; function succeeds function; dance follows on dance; invitations pour in every morning; London is overflowing as usual with distinguished strangers, to say nothing of the less distinguished, and it's the nicest place in the world to be in for two gloriously hectic months. Go down Knightsbridge any morning when the sun is shining, and there's a glimpse of lilac through Park railings, and the shop windows are full of dazzling loveliness at umpteen guineas, and the street's a long line of shining cars, and everybody looks happy and prosperous, and I defy you not to feel that all's well with the world, whatever may be happening in Heaven.

In the Park last Sunday the trees were bowers of brilliant green, the grass was as green as emeralds, and the flowers patches of orange and flame and bits of blue dropped straight from the sky. I counted a dozen frightfully new capes in as many minutes, and I would like to add that all the best people were wearing them just for the sake of the picture. For I don't doubt at all that they actually were—elsewhere. Because it must be obvious to everybody that the best people no longer gather together in the Park and convenient places to see and be seen. Even at Ascot they disappear in the crowd, and to be what's called socially important and always on view is to be almost a back number now that the world is so—so progressive and nothing is as neat and tidy as it was.

In the scurry of living there's no time for tidiness. We've never been tidy mentally since we emerged from Victorian grooviness and the heavy ruts in which all nice people did their thinking. But physically we might at least make efforts. If cleanliness is next to godliness, as I was taught in my youth, then our beloved London must be the most ungodly place in the world. The most ungodly barring none that pretends to be civilised, anyway.

A DUTCH TREAT

Nella Duval and Lionel Vernon, the two young English variety artists who are playing at the Tuschinski Theatre in Amsterdam. The generous proportions in which Mr. Vernon's trousers have been cut are probably a graceful compliment to the voluminous nether garments affected by his hosts

Look at it on a Saturday night, or, worse still, on a Sunday afternoon. It's littered with odds and ends of paper and omnibus tickets; the pavement is dotted with relics in red, white and blue; and when it rains it's a cheering sight. Officialdom hands you these things because there's no other way of dividing the sheep from the goats—or let's say, the paid from the unpaid or the not-yet-paid. When you leave your 'bus you drop the thing carelessly on the pavement, or anywhere, it doesn't matter where, since there's no convenient box for the purpose such as they keep at street corners in every other city in Europe.

A BRIDE-TO-BE

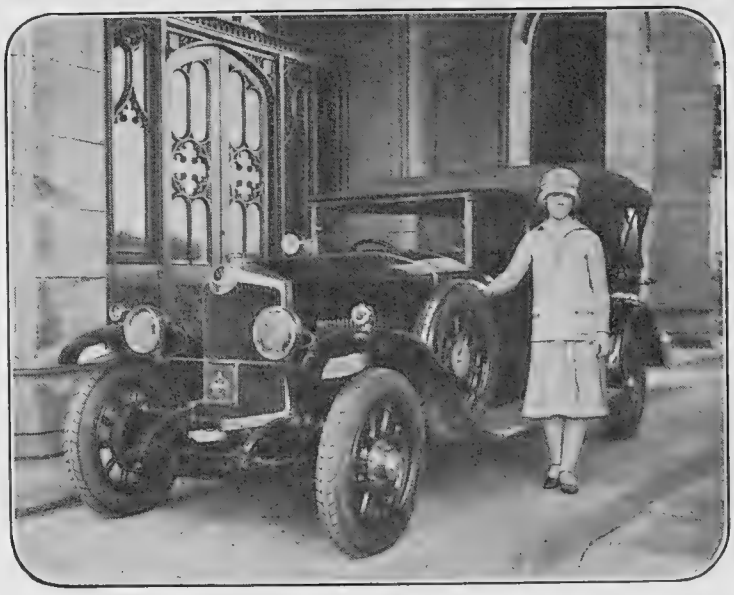
Miss Florence Robinson, the youngest daughter of Sir Joseph Robinson, of Hawthornden, Wynberg, South Africa, whose engagement has been announced. Her fiancé, Count Rainert Biseia, of the Italian Royal Navy, was formerly Naval Attaché at the Italian Embassy in London

Apropos of next year's Budget, I'd like to advise the Chancellor on a point which hasn't occurred to him. Why not allow us the luxury (it really is no more than a necessity) of wearing our silk stockings untaxed and make promiscuous paper-throwing a finable offence? You know the sort of thing: Forty-two shillings first offence; £5 the next, and so on *crescendo* till you've reformed, or hopelessly impoverished, your sinner.

But it's a free country, I suppose, even if we have to pay the price of freedom and be snowed under with untidy bits of paper. One day, in 4000 A.D. or thereabouts, they'll dig us out of our 'bus tickets and things, and the learned ones of the world will discourse on the dangers of democracy in a forgotten civilisation, and what disasters must follow when everybody is allowed sufficient rope to hang himself—I mean, sufficient paper to bury himself.

CANDIDA.

MOTOR NOTES



IN NEW SOUTH WALES

Miss Elaine De Chair, with her 20·9 h.p. Crossley six-cylinder touring car. Her father, Admiral Sir Dudley De Chair, has been Governor of New South Wales since 1923

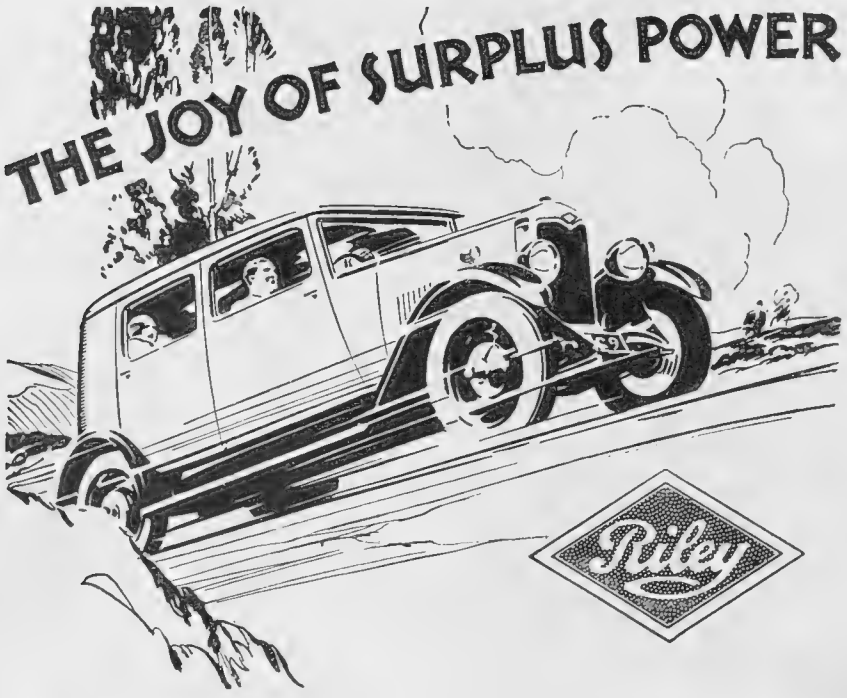
THE 4d. per gallon petrol tax announced in Mr. Churchill's Budget and now accepted with more or less resignation, was a nasty pill, but it was fairly well sugar-coated. For it was made pretty clear that the proceeds are to go to a good cause, viz., the relief of rates in our great basic industries which have so long been in a depressed condition. If we did not know our Mr. Winston Churchill we would have taken this new tax of his, with his appeal to our patriotism and sportsmanship, as an example of high principles. As it is, we must merely pay another tribute to a clever and extremely astute politician. I feel sorry for the A.A. and others who pressed for a petrol tax to take the place of the horse-power tax, and who are now being quite unjustly blamed because we have been given both! I think that is a pretty cheap and valueless criticism of Mr. Stenson Cooke and his stout colleagues who have been striving their utmost to obtain just treatment for us.

***

I AM informed by the manufacturers that a 282-mile test run of a 14-45 h.p. Hadfield model Bean saloon in the mountainous districts of North Wales has just been made by Bean Cars, Ltd. At Harlech six consecutive ascents were made of Urrfyspet Hill, with its gradient of 1 in 2½ and its narrow hairpin bend and loose stony surface. The next test was the famous Bwlch-y-Groes, which was ascended in seven minutes—including stoppages to open two gates—at an average speed of 14.6 m.p.h. After that the car was driven, by way of Dinas Mawddwy and Welshpool, on to Moely Golfa. This détour from the main Welshpool-Shrewsbury road ascends 1,000 feet, runs through narrow lanes and muddy cart tracks, and then over open boggy moorland, eventually leading on to further cart tracks and then the main road. On the return journey to Tipton a speed of 64 miles an hour was attained, and a steady rate of 45 to 50 was maintained easily over main roads when traffic conditions allowed. The petrol consumption for all this rough going is stated to have worked out at 20 miles to the gallon, and the only involuntary stop was due to a burst tyre.

***

ONE often hears doubts expressed as to whether the genuinely flexible type of fabric body is really as silent after prolonged use as it is claimed to be. Certainly I have myself come across many that are not, but an exception is the Alvista saloon. I have just tried one on the new 14-75 h.p. six-cylinder chassis of this make. This, I understand, was the first production Six to leave the works, and it must have covered an immense mileage before I had



EQUIPPED with an engine that holds Four World's Speed Records, the Riley "MONACO" SALOON provides an amazing performance on even the worst hills.

Power in excess of all normal requirements makes the Riley Nine not only a safe car, but one that gives joy to every motorist who loves the open road or the winding lanes of hilly country.

Comfort, too, is present to a luxurious degree, and there is ample leg and head room in the distinctive "Monaco" Fabric Saloon.

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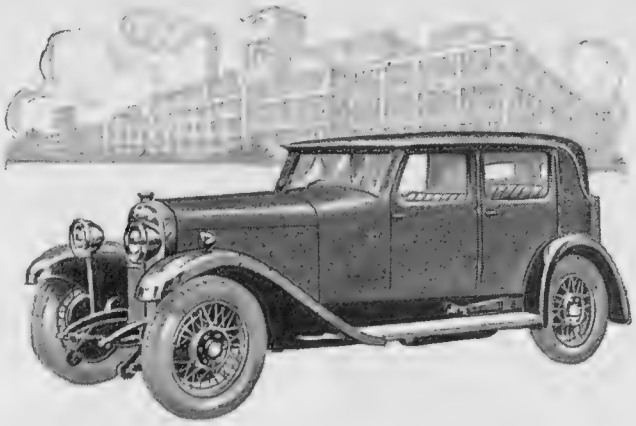
"MONACO" SALOON £298
Dunlop Tyres Standard



Go with the times

Two years hence, all good cars will have sleeve valve instead of poppet valve engines. Moreover, instead of the now many points of chassis lubrication, one-shot lubrication will be recognised as standard.

These advantages exist now in the handsome Arrol-Aster. For the owner-driver no car is more flexible, more responsive, less silent in performance even when doing 50 or over, than the Arrol-Aster. Decide now to have a trial run!

Arrol-Aster

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Any Model.

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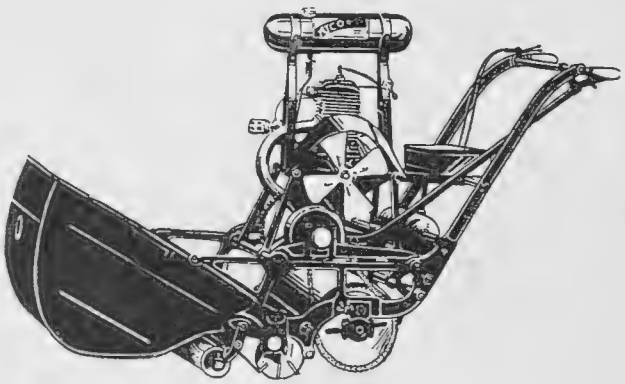

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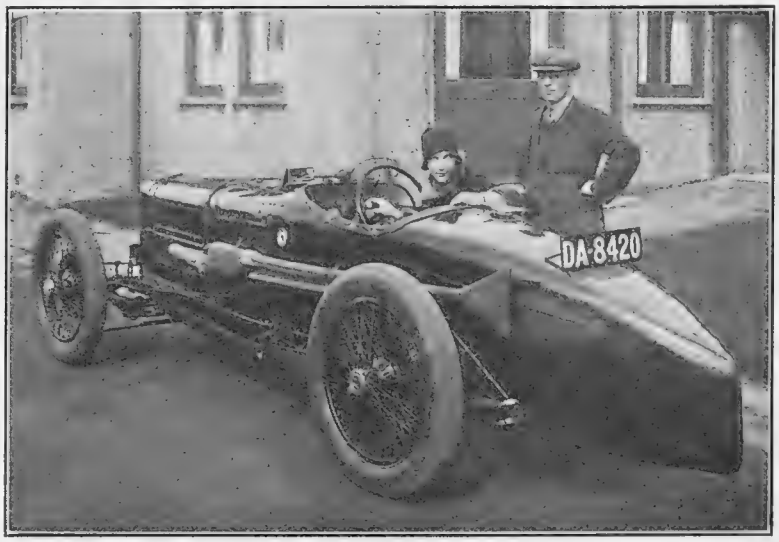
ALFRED APPLEBY CYCLE CHAIN
THE BEST CYCLE CHAIN IN THE WORLD

it. There were innumerable points from which the contact of one part against another was to be heard, and on a normal type of body they would have created an appalling racket; but on the Alvista they were subdued so far as to be only just audible, while of drumming and squeaking there was not a trace. To be honest, this is the first example of a flexible fabric body to impress me to any serious extent in this respect. Incidentally, the Alvis Six, as might be expected from the makers of that name, is a fast car, and one is able to enjoy its paces to the full, thanks to a combination of perfect steering with excellent suspension and braking.

***

CONGRATULATIONS to an enterprising cleric who is setting himself to cater for modern-day conditions. The Vicar of Ripple Church, near Deal, Kent, states that he is making special provisions for motorists who may care to attend Sunday service at the parish church. He is placing a paddock at the side of the church at the disposal of motorists, where they may leave their cars whilst the service is in progress, and afterwards stay and enjoy an *al fresco* meal amidst quiet and pleasant surroundings. Ripple is a village with many ancient associations. The late Earl of Ypres had his home there, and he is buried in the churchyard. The village lies just off the Sandwich-Deal Road and is a quiet retreat, little known to motorists. The R.A.C. has erected a small sign indicating the whereabouts of the "parking" paddock.



A RECENT PURCHASE

Miss May Cunliffe with her two-litre super-charged Sunbeam car which she bought a short time ago and in which she intends competing at many of the principal speed trials. Mr. W. Perkins, the Sunbeam Company's well-known racing mechanic, is seen with her in the photograph

MOTOR boating is the next sport or pastime for those for whom traffic congestion has robbed road travel of any pleasure. Technical improvements have placed many attractive craft within reach of the average man's purse, and even racing (with outboard motors) can be indulged in for a very modest cost. It has thrills, too—as witness the fact that Major Segrave goes in for it with gusto, winning races at the dizzy speed of 25 m.p.h.! "Marine motoring," as it may be called, got its big start in America. At present we are behind, both in the manufacture and use of motor boats. Last year we witnessed the painful sight of our Duke of York's Trophy (the Blue Riband of British motor boating) going to an American. But no doubt we shall, in our slow, British way, muddle through quietly to the top in course of time. Meanwhile, for the benefit of any who think of going in for the sport, there is a handbook on the subject that is worth getting. It is called "Motoring Afloat," and is published by the S.M.M.T., 83, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

E. M. WRIGHT.

Lady Heath's Achievement

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Cape to Cairo

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THROUGHOUT SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR IN MY AVIAN LIGHT AEROPLANE FROM CAPE TO CAIRO CASTROL HAS GIVEN REMARKABLE RESULTS—PRESSURE NEVER DROPPED A POUND AND CONSUMPTION REMAINED CONSTANT THREE FIFTHS PINTS PER HOUR EVEN WHEN THERMOMETER CARRIED REGISTERED HUNDRED TWENTY FAHRENHEIT—SIMILAR ENGINES USING MINERAL OIL ON SAME ROUTE CONSUMPTION TREBLED OWING THINNESS IN HEAT

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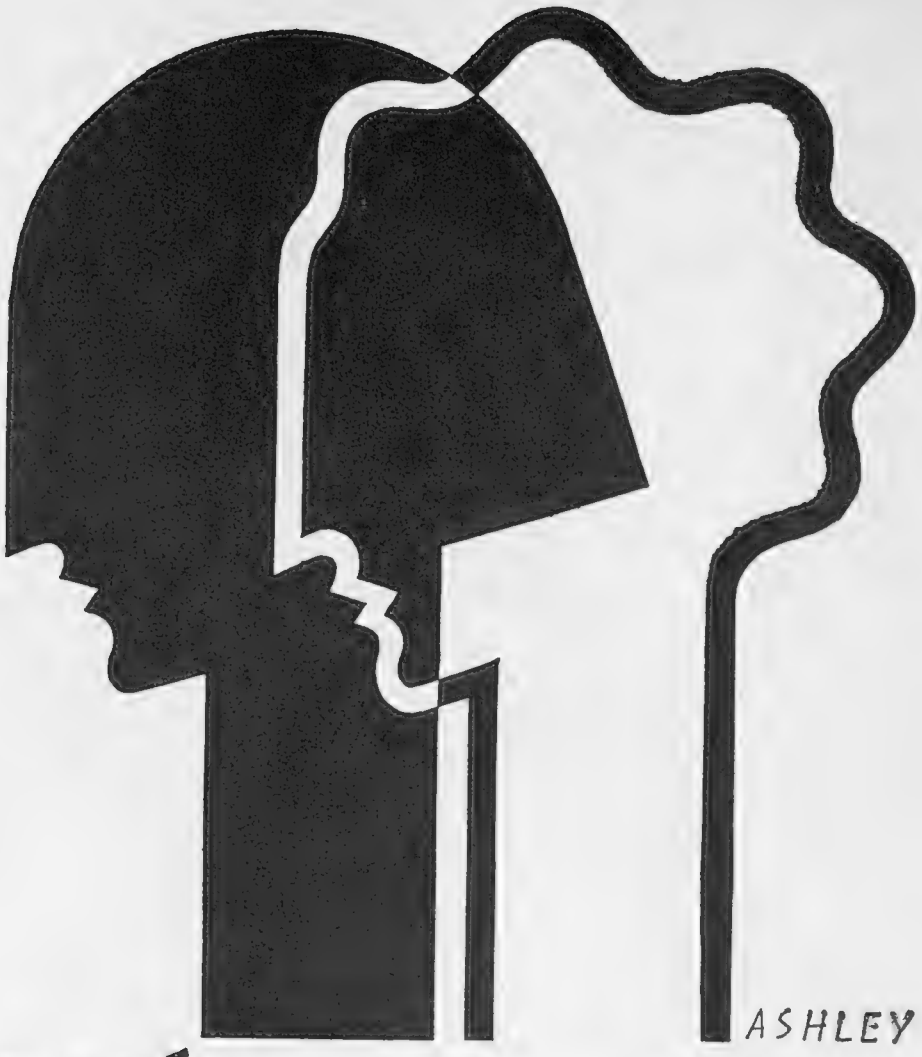

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MORE LASTING◆MORE NATURAL◆EASIER TO SET!

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Elwin Neame

Sahara pink and duck's egg blue satin, with marabout to tone, carry out a boudoir wrap from Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.

Sophisticated Simplicity

With the London Season in full swing and a note of gaiety being struck, indeed, throughout the land, it is towards evening frocks that the woman in the swim is turning her attention. And here, so Paris has led us to believe, simplicity reigns! True in a sense, of course, but it is rather a sophisticated simplicity and exists in effect rather than in reality! Hemlines are uneven, showing at the moment a tendency to dip towards the back; everywhere there is a soft fullness; backs are as important as fronts—there is an increasing feeling in favour of back drapery, and many skirts are circular.

Ray Effects on Evening Gowns

One new arrival from a famous French house is carried out in shaded chiffon, ranging from the very pale to the very deep in the same colour, with inlaid bands on the bodice arranged ray-fashion. Another, in black tulle, emphasises the strong feeling for "dots," which in this instance are embroidered in pink chenille and arranged in horizontal rows. In a third, of black satin, both sides of the material are employed to give the fashionable geometrical effect—the bodice, easily moulded to the figure, accentuating the natural waist-line and the skirt flaring towards the hem.

Paris says Prints

The Big Houses of London and Paris are beginning to realise what a really marvellous proposition "Celanese" printed fabrics are, and lovely Miss Heather Thatcher (photographed on this page) is only one of the many smart women who have "fallen" for them. It is "Scribble" Crêpe, which is interpreted into many lovely designs and colourings, that fashions her attractive frock. Another "Celanese" fabric that has recently taken the world by storm is "Crêpe Bayardo," carried out in a chain-mail design, as its name implies, in many different colour combinations; and "Celanese" printed ninons and voiles are also eminently desirable for summer frocks. These and all else in the "Celanese" range are obtainable at the leading departmental stores—Messrs. D. H. Evans, etc., etc.

Sasha

Miss Heather Thatcher testifies to the charm of "Scribble" Crêpe, one of the new Celanese printed fabrics, in a frock made by Madame Galin, Manchester Street, W.

Elwin Neame

Also from Messrs. Debenham and Freebody . . . the latest in pyjama suits, sponsoring the fashionable two-colour scheme, with coat and trousers attractively embroidered

The New Idea in Lingerie

Lingerie, all-important in the fashionable woman's summer scheme, is to be seen in its latest aspect at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's,

Wigmore Street, W. Note, for instance, the lovely boudoir wrapper in the photograph, carried out in Sahara pink and duck's egg blue satin and lined with georgette in the same shades, which are also repeated in the marabout trimming (16½ guineas). A pyjama suit that sponsors the new two-colour scheme, in red and saxe, black and white, pink and sky, and black and orange, has also been photographed, expressed in *crêpe de Chine*, with both coat and trousers attractively embroidered (7½ guineas).

Furs at Summer Prices

FURS as well as frocks have to be included in the summer wardrobe and, indeed, with summer prices reigning at The City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., there is every reason for purchasing now. Two of their attractive models are shown here. On the left, a two-skin stole of topped Russian marten (12 guineas), and on the right, a single-skin cross fox animal stole (18 guineas). Other marvellous opportunities offered by this firm, which has, by the way, no shop, customers getting the benefit of this reduction in working costs (their well-appointed showrooms are on the first floor), include mink marmot coats, worked exactly like mink, from 28 guineas, and electric coney seal coats, collared and cuffed with blended marmot, from 21 guineas.

A two-skin stole of topped Russian marten (left) and an animal stole of cross fox (right) are among the marvellous opportunities offered at Summer prices at The City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

The Vogue for Tailor-mades

THOSE whom tailor-mades suit should lose no time in visiting Messrs. Kenneth Durward, 37, Conduit Street, W., where in the "Ready-to-Wear" Department perfectly cut tailored costumes, carried out in the season's new fabrics, are obtainable from 7½ guineas—note the model sketched! Other price surprises take the form of jersey cloth jumper suits from 3 guineas; suède golf coats, with matching hats, from 5½ guineas; and "rugger" sports overcoats, made in specially woven tartan materials, at 3½ guineas. Sportswomen, too, will most certainly be interested in a trouser-skirt, as smart as it is practical, which, in tweed or suiting, is priced from 3½ guineas.

Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, 37, Conduit Street, W., sponsors a Spring tailleur in one of the new suitings

Sketches by Margot

Becoming and Practical

THE many women who are taking up nursing as a profession these days will be interested in the smart overcoat sketched on this page, from Garrould's, 150 to 162, Edgware Road, W.2, who specialise in nurses' uniforms, surgical instruments and appliances, hospital furniture, etc. This coat, known as the "Amhurst," is priced, in coating serge for summer wear, at 52*s.*, and is obtainable in many colours and materials at varying prices. Worn with it is a becoming hat of fine pedal straw, obtainable in several colours and complete with silk veil (16*s.* 11*d.*). And women assistants serve in all departments dealing with these—which is an added inducement to the feminine contingent to shop there. Every imaginable up-to-date sick room appliance, etc., is to be obtained at Garrould's at the most reasonable of prices.

Nurses' uniforms from Garrould's, 150 to 162, Edgware Road, W., combine smartness with practicability

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Illustrated Guide and Cheap Ticket Programme, post free, from London Midland & Scottish Railway (Euston); Great Western Railway (Paddington); Great Southern Railways (Dublin).

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"VICTORIAN" NIGHTDRESS in crêpe de Chine, triple ninon or triple crêpe chiffon, the new high waisted bodice, trimmed with frilled Valencienne lace. A hanging pocket completes the old-world effect of nightdress. In all colours. Crêpe de Chine.
Price **39/6**

Triple ninon or triple crêpe chiffon **45/9**

Chemise and knicker to match, elastic at knee with shaped band at waist.
Price **29/6** each.

Cap to match **29/6**

INEXPENSIVE PRINCESS SLIP in pure silk crêpe de Chine. Straight bodice slightly taking the line of the body, finished round top and at foot with dainty ecru lace or with plain hemstitched fold in place of lace.
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Aldwych O.27 f2/28.

"Things of Beauty" in Lace and Amber

All the most attractive of the new frocks, both for afternoon and evening, stress the vogue for lace, so the exhibition of rare lace, both antique and modern, that Messrs. Liberty and Co., of Regent Street, are holding in their Tudor building from Monday, May 7, to Saturday, May 19, is of even more than ordinary interest to the fashionable world. The collection includes specimens, many of historical interest, from every country and of every period—Old Venetian, Flemish, Honiton, point de France, and the Spanish lace so sought after at the moment—some of this latter in the form of scarves suitable for present-day wear. And on view at the same time will be Messrs. Liberty's unique collection of amber, the gem of marvellous colouring, romantic associations, and health-giving properties that the smart woman "prefers" at the moment as the completion of her summer toilette — necklaces of Burmese and old Turkish amber, scarf-rings in various shapes, exquisitely carved pendants, and other ornaments, rich in colouring and imbued with vitality—a Feast of Beauty, indeed, that women of taste and discrimination will hasten to enjoy.

Hana

DR. MALCOLM SARGENT

The eminent young conductor, composer and professor of the Royal College of Music, who has been appointed Conductor-in-Chief of the Royal Choral Society, a post which has not been filled since the resignation of Sir Frederick Bridge in 1921. Dr. Sargent is the founder of the Leicester Orchestral Society

ON THE LINKS

A delightful view of a corner of the golf course at Aix-les-Bains

A Present for "Her"

As most of us are only too painfully aware, the opportunity of giving pleasure to others by the simple method of pleasing ourselves occurs very seldom in this world of ours. That the opportunity does occur sometimes is proved by Carreras, Ltd., the makers of the famous Black Cat Cigarettes, who are now presenting a delightful Dubarry Compact, fashioned in enamel with gilt finish, in exchange for sixty coupons taken from packets of Black Cat Cigarettes. The collecting of these coupons is in itself quite as great a pleasure as the presenting—to say nothing of the acceptance—of the Dubarry Compact will prove to be, for Black Cat Cigarettes are not only remarkably cool and pleasant smoking, but are absolutely free from all impurities. Thus, the charming Dubarry Compact, which includes a puff and diminishing mirror, is both happily acquired by the donor and joyfully received by the recipient.

Aix-les-Bains

Intending visitors to Aix-les-Bains will be interested to know that the golf links at this famous resort are in first-rate condition, and that an excellent season is expected. Aix-les-Bains offers unique attractions to the sportsman, to the seeker after the beauties of Nature, or the visitor who wishes to tone up his system by taking the medicinal waters. There are few other resorts on the Continent where one may meet such a variety of interesting people under such pleasant conditions and in such beautiful surroundings.

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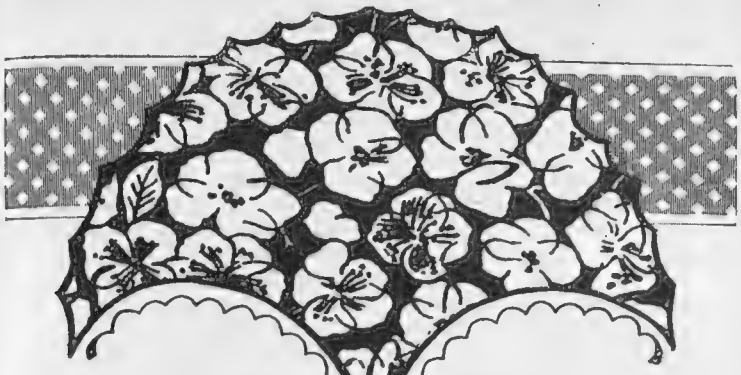

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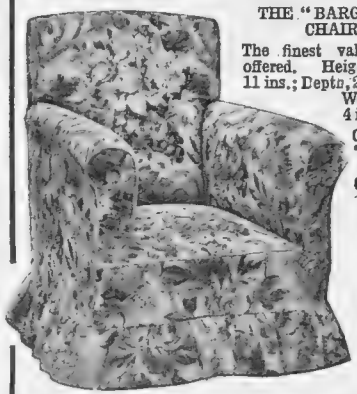

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CORN AU GRATIN.

Boiled Green Corn

REMOVE the outer husk which envelops the corn, and put the cobs into a large saucepan of boiling water; cover, and if the corn is young it will take from twenty to thirty minutes to boil, but if it is beginning to harden three-quarters of an hour will not be too long. When tender, drain, sprinkle with salt, and serve with melted butter. In America the cobs are generally served whole, but can be taken from the cob with a sharp knife, and reheated with a little butter, milk, pepper, and salt.

Green Corn and Rice Salad

Boil some corn and cut it from the cob with a sharp knife, or, if tinned corn is preferred, turn it out on a sieve, let some cold water from the tap run over it, and let it drain till dry. Boil some rice for fifteen minutes, dry it until the grains are well separated, and when quite cold mix with the same quantity of corn, and serve on lettuce leaves covered with mayonnaise sauce.

Sweet Corn and Tomatoes

Have about six tomatoes of uniform shape and size, wash and dry them, and cut a round piece from the stem end of each. Scoop out the seeds from the tomatoes and fill each with some sweet corn, lay them on a buttered fireproof dish, and bake until they are tender. Serve with a little melted butter and a squeeze of lemon over each.

Corn Oysters (an American Dish)

Turn the contents of a tin of sweet corn into a dish, and to half a pint of the corn add one well-beaten egg, a tablespoonful of flour, the same of margarine or butter, and salt and pepper to taste. Drop spoonfuls at a time into boiling lard, and fry a golden brown.

Corn au Gratin

Open a tin of corn, strain off the liquid, and then simmer until tender in three tablespoonfuls of milk, ½ oz. of butter, white pepper, and salt. When the corn is cooked (about ten minutes is sufficient) heat a fireproof dish and sprinkle it with fine brown breadcrumbs. Make a white sauce with 2 oz. of butter, 1½ oz. of flour, and half a pint of milk. Season with salt, white pepper, and a squeeze of lemon-juice. Now stir the corn into the sauce, put it in the dish, cover with grated cheese and crumbs, and bake for twenty minutes in a hot oven.

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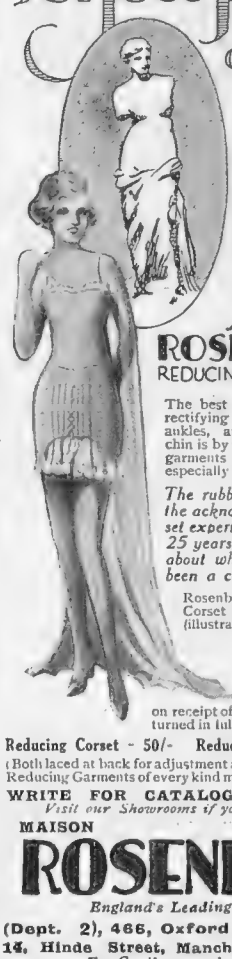

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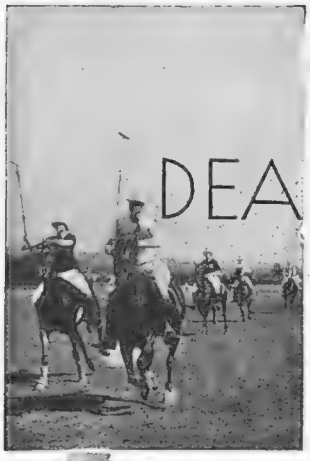

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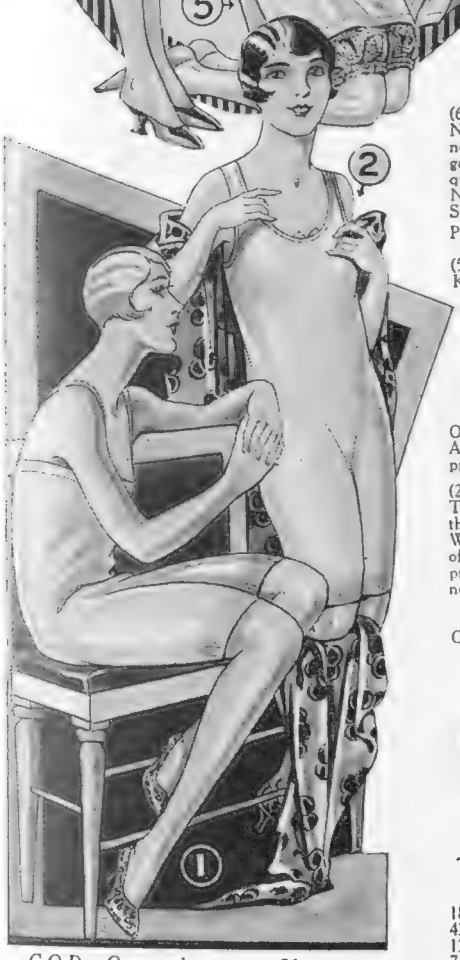

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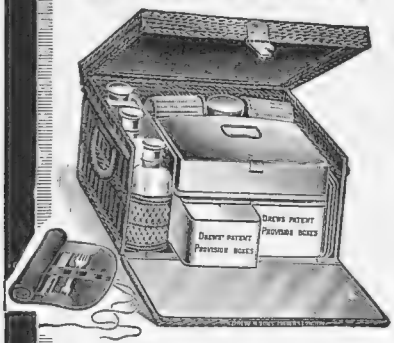

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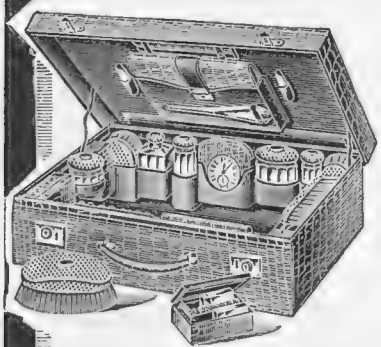

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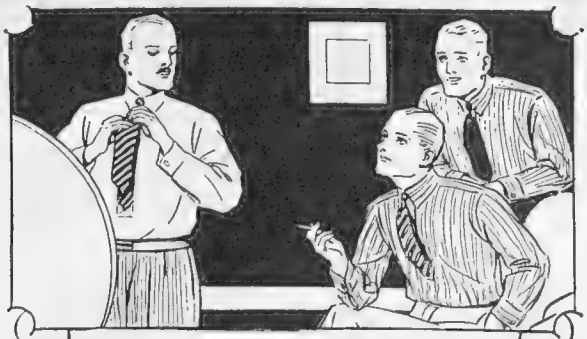

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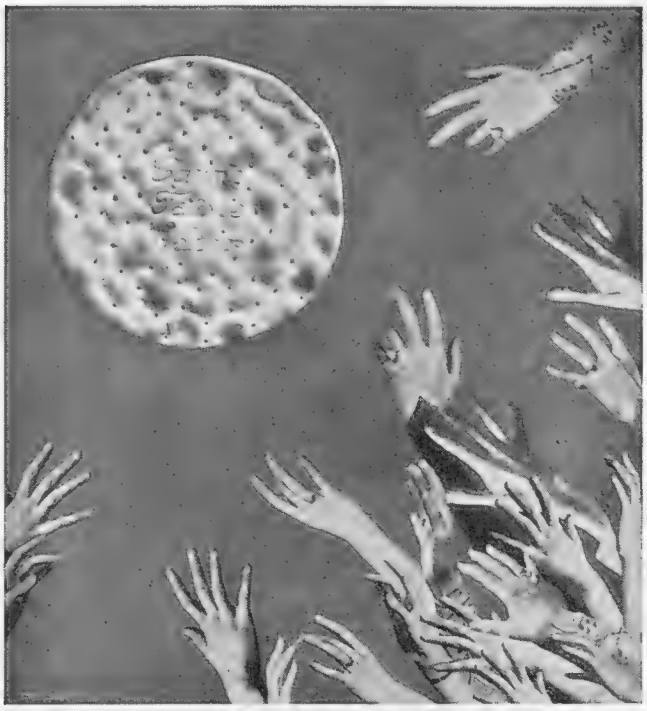

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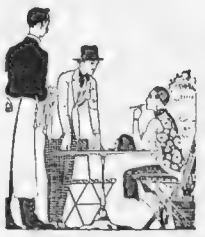

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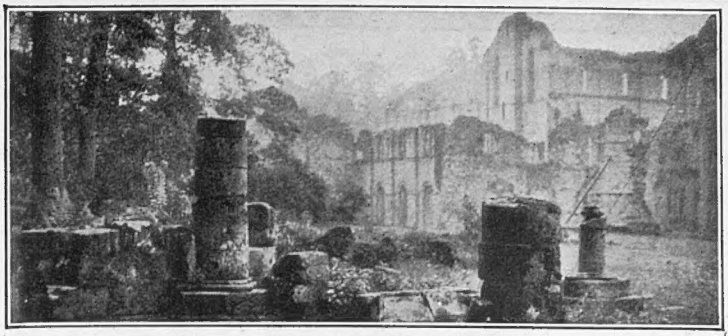

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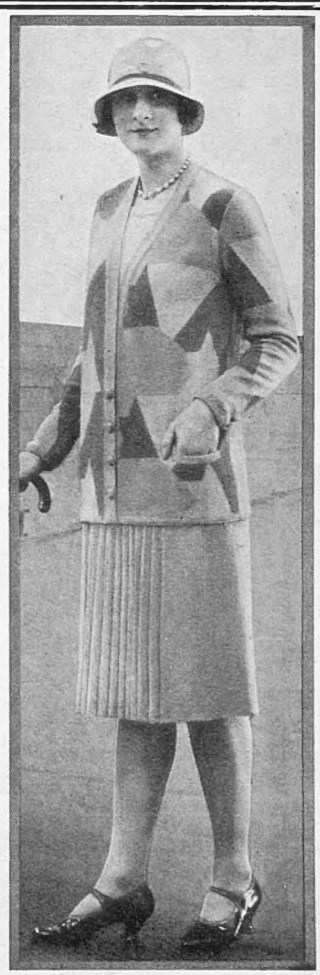

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32 INS WIDE **6/11** A YARD....

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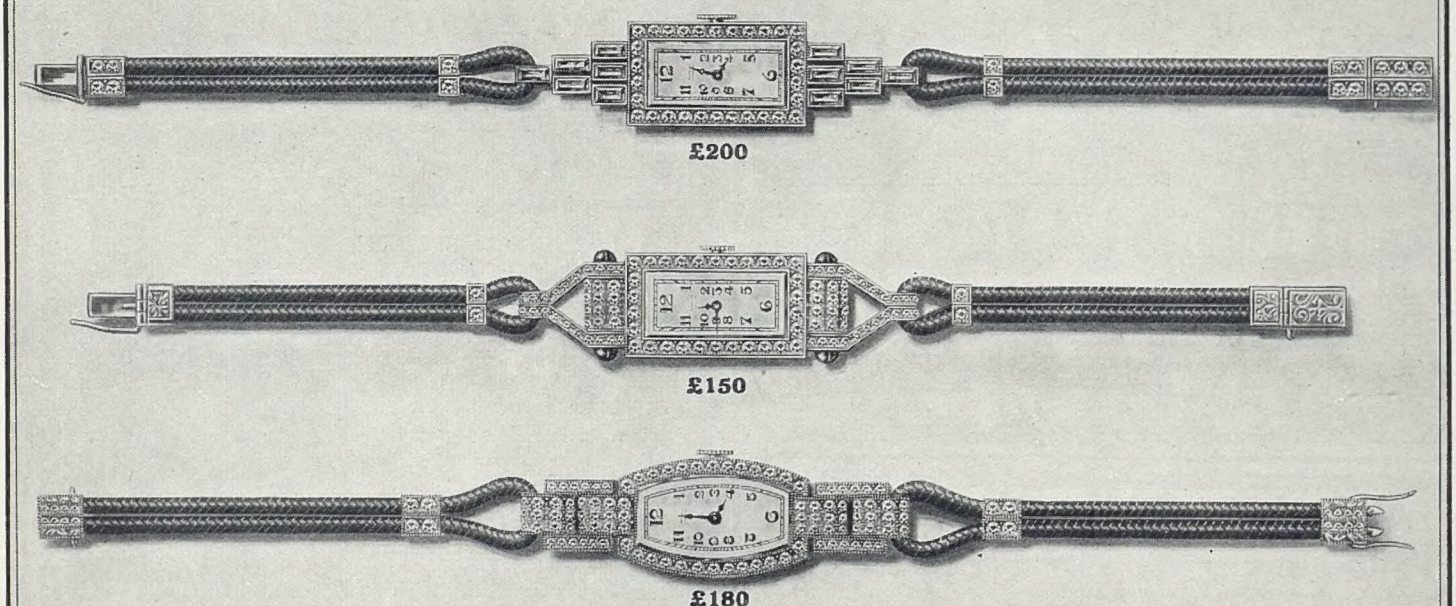

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and to send it on or before July 31st, to The Ladies' Needlework Committee, Shurdington, Cheltenham, Glos., where it will be judged by an impartial Committee of Needlework Teachers and Examiners.

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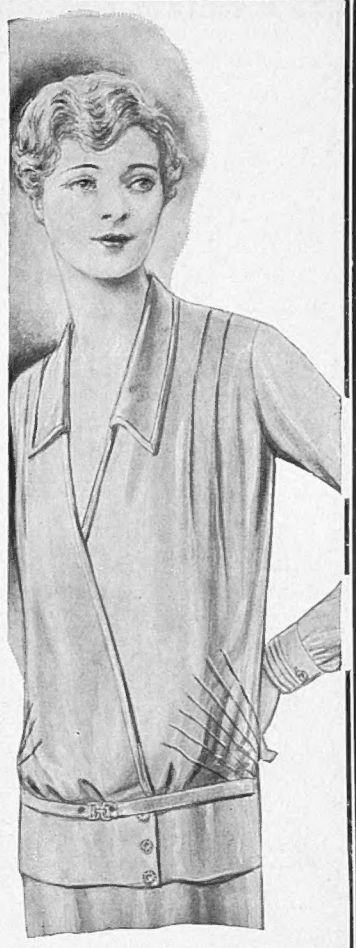
ATTRACTIVE CRÊPE DE CHINE JUMPERS FOR PRESENT WEAR



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Size 48, Price **75/9.**

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***Corset Belt** made from soft woven elastic front of satin with side fastening. Suitable for evening wear.*

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"Only herself to blame" . . .

"Yes, Ted. I'll be riding at ten . . . After effects? I know them not. But it was a wonderful dance. Bobby kept as close as my shadow. Saw a special licence in his eyes—'till I mentioned you. Yes, you *are* useful sometimes ! . . Did I tell about Sarah Pensworth at Sandown? No? . . . It *was* a scream! You know what a mean old minge she is. Claude told us all to back his winner. Sarah, stealing a march on us (*as she thought*), slipped away and put a tenner on with a 'course' bookie at 6's. All the rest of us, of course, wired 'Duggie' and got the starting price—10/1 . . . Yes! I should just think she was! Purple pash—then green . . That's what I told her; 'she only had herself to blame' . . . Rather! She went up to town the very next day to open an account with 'Duggie.' And now—"

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